Woodwind

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WOODWIND
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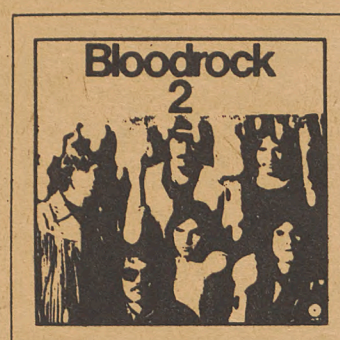
We are particularly looking for writers on dance, film, electronics, reviews of small presses, music, any experimental art forms, sculpture, painting, and so on. If there is something you feel we should write about, or if you think attention should be brought to any particular idea or actuality, let us know.

staff this issue consisted of kat campbell-tim amussen-paul jones-steve schwartzman-merril greene-howard m grindlinger-marie paulson-willamete bridge for the idea and graphic used in the centerfold-tom shales-stephen allen whealton-fred leon henderson-radical software for the two articles reprinted-m g tackney-tim healey-mike schreibman-richard harrington-marilyn korenyi-



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DOGS RUN FREE...
WHY CAN'T WE ?

Here are my soul's children
Begot from my brief coupling with joy
And born from the flesh of sorrow.
Escaped at last from the womb they are,
And delivered unto you.
Imperfect as they are now,
Beauty will manifest itself in time.
Be patient- take them and keep them:
Let not their first cries be their last.

Nell Corry

The poem above is a good an indication of what this paper is about as any number of declarative sentences. People are always asking what we are trying to do, why, and how. The last question is important because a lot of myths have grown up about just how WOODWIND is financed. My favorite is that we are totally subsidized by the Washington Post (supposedly as a conscience-salve to the younger generation). I wish... (In fact, the Post wrote an expository piece on us, with some very sharp criticisms, which we appreciated). My second favorite is that the editor is really a sly, old millionaire doing his thing. Once again, I wish...

The real how of this free paper is advertising. We are totally supported by advertising (and subscriptions, but they make up only a small part of the overall financial picture). Advertisers believe in us, both thematically and as a market. I hope our readers keep that in mind when they see the ads. There are of course ads that we wont accept... chauvinist, or generally demeaning ads, or ads for things that we are morally opposed to, or for organizations that we feel to be evil or anti-people. Our rates are not too high even though this is our only form of income, and we have tried to keep the advertising-content ratio at about 3 to 1 , and when extra advertising has taken up extra space, we have increased our number of pages, rather than become an ad sheet. If sometimes it seems that we have a lot of ads, remember that those ads are keeping us alive and particularly, that those ads are keeping the paper free.

Every once in a while, we have had and will have benefits. Those instances are mostly because we need ready cash to pay of certain debts and to help pay the expenses (rent, etc.) of the small group of people who work at the paper full-time. We still have no office, though we pay for a phone. Those expenses, plus the printing costs usurp most of the money that comes into the paper at this time.

We type the paper from a lawyers' office (at no cost), and deliver the paper in a borrowed truck. The paper is layed out on a single board, and we make up most of our ads by hand-letter-pressing. We feel that we turn out a very professional product, considering the circumstances and the fact that none of us has had any experience with papers before (with the exception of the editor, who worked at Quicksilver during their first seven months, where he learned the basics.)

Since the inception of the paper, we have been (at first unintentionally, but now ideally) non-profit. If we did make any profit (after expenses), we would like to rechannel them into other publications (such as small books of graphic portfolios for local artists, etc.).

As to what we are, and why, we feel the answer lies in each issue of the paper. We are here to be a channel for creative people, to print people's thoughts and emotions. As someone wrote recently "I'm not American. I'm working here. I love to write poem sometimes. And I'm so glad to send you my poem. I love every my poem. Those are all pieces of my heart, sighs of my brain, and sometimes blood of my body. I believe you understand what I mean if you have heart." A letter like that makes you feel you are doing something right. Or a 14-year old girl writes in a poem, "The sky became clear/and i thought of you/when i looked at the moon/ and then at my candles/ You are the better/source of light...", a poem that shows such insight and wisdom so young that flaws seem pointless to notice in other poems.

We do not judge poetry here. Someone once said that there is no such thing as good or bad poetry, only good or bad attitudes towards it. There are always technical points that can be brought up, but the thematic point is that if someone reached out to you with a piece of themself, you really have a responsibility to accept that gift. So, we try to publish a least a part of every gift that we recieve. If we don't, then we try to explain why not... sometimes, it takes a long time to get to every gift we have recieved, but someday we will. We are happy that the majority of the work we have recieved is of as high quality as it has been. And, as someone else pointed out, bad poetry never hurt anyone.

Other articles that make up the paper generally tend to be positive and praiseworthy. That is because there are already enough people pointing out the bad things in life, we feel somebody should point out the good ones. Obviously , not all of our reviews are warm and praising, but there are enough good things happening in any artisitic field at any given time to justify pointing towards those positive aspects.

We are open to criticism, ideas, new people, mad plans, money, tools, new places to be distributed... especially new people. It's been essentially a three-man operation for some time now. Fresh blood wouldperk us up.

In closing, weonce again go to that 14-year old girl, whose name we can't use because her father can't trust his daughter's judgement and believe in her poetry or in us, because he hasn't seen us. The poem is not about WOODWIND, but it sums up very succinctly some of the things we believe in:

"beauty/ rising /within/ my heart / as i / open / my eyes / to the wonders/ of this world / and the love that /you will find / if / Only / you try / so laugh / live and love / believe in People / show you care / make someone happy / so that / you can experience / the beauty / of a loving person / adoring / looking to you / proving by his actions / words / but more / in his eyes / filled so with love / shining / with a hint of happy tears / with sunshine / to make intense / and better / this moment of love."

THE PEOPLE AT WOODWIND

FREQUENCY AND FORM®

by Vic Gioscia

What I'm doing with my life is building a set of generalizations comprehending how time works. I call the comprehension of the time laws of any process "chronetics".

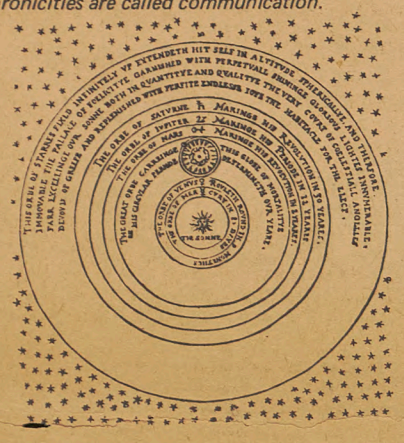
I've been working at it a "long" time and have done it in some strange places. Like, a dissertation on Plato's theory of time, which started in '58 but didn't come till '63. Like, in '65 getting a videotape system installed in a family therapy agency so families and therapists could play back their sessions during their sessions. Like getting headaches trying to transform the laws of general relativity into classroom sociology since 1953, though I hate the math. Like trying to figure out acid time expansion during acid time expansion. Etc.

This rap is about the chronetics of software, in other words, *some thoughts on the time forms of current communication events.*

As everybody knows, Universe is not a very large expanding balloon with galactic light bulbs interspersed at varying distances. Einstein told us Universe is not a simultaneous assembly of things. Universe isn't *there*—in fact—man's invention of the concept reveals his terror crouching behind a facade of omniscience. Currently, our mythos is that Universe is "really" atoms, (i.e., waves of energy spiralling at light velocity) arrayed hierarchically (i.e., a few is a gas, a lot is a planet, a very lot a galaxy, etc.). Whitehead said the *only* philosophical mistake you could make (hence the error of *every* philosophical mistake) was thinking you could simply locate anything anywhere. This "fallacy of simple location" is the intellectual form of man's wish to evade the terror which would flood him were he to admit the Heraclitus vision that all is flux. The emotional form of this saving illusion is hubris—pride—the myth of individual autonomy. Freud once wrote that the human central nervous system is to be compared to the osmosis process of the cell wall, whose main function is to keep some fluids in but most fluids out. Fuller suggests the inside is the inside of the outside—the outside the outside of the inside. Laing ponders why some people who spit in a glass of water can't—*can't* drink it. Others can. Recent experiments by Italian physicists, who ran electrons going "one way" against positrons going "the other" both "at" the speed of light, lead them to believe there's another whole realm "underneath" quantum atomics which is continuous, i.e., not "composed" of quanta, but of processes.

So, in my view, there is no Universe anywhere, "at" any instant, for there are no instants. Better—*there* isn't. Time is. What seems to be happening is a myriad of energy-rates dyssynchronously modulating. Nobody seems to know why there are different rates, or how they change. Recent speculations include a realm on the "other side" of the light velocity barrier wherein "particles" only go faster than light, and, if they slowed down to light velocity would annihilate as in $E=mc^2$ (Feinberg). Others, at the Princeton Center where Einstein thought, wonder if there isn't a realm under the atoms where time "goes the other way, or not at all."

What I'm trying to show, in mosaic, is a Universe of varying frequencies, in which occasional synchronicities are called communication.



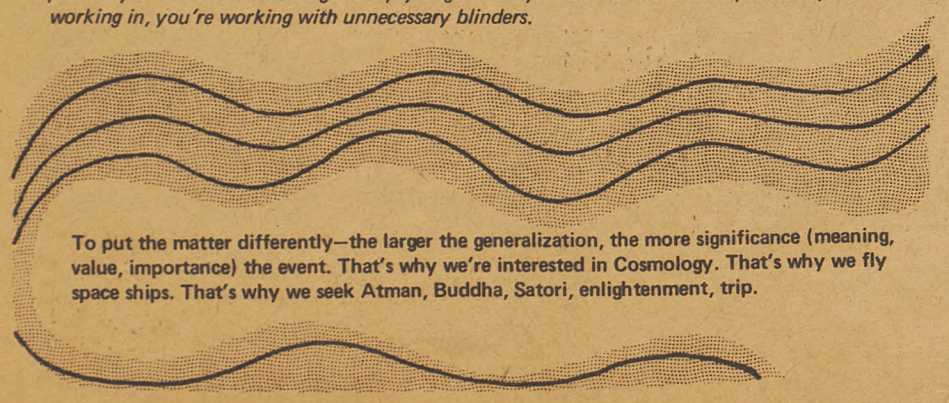
Now, some frequencies, after million year evolutionary periods of interacting dyssynchronously, have come into a harmony which we call sensation. Air waves and ear vibrations in synch result in our experience of sound. Light velocities in harmony with retinal photochemistry result in vision. Rates of neural transmission, when exceeded or unreached, do not result in experience since there are limits within and only within which nerves fire. Overload or underload, outside certain limits, result in nothing. No experience. No communication.

Hence, Fuller says, human "sensory equipment can tune in directly with but one millionth of the thus far discovered physical Universe events. Awareness of all the rest of the millionfold greater than human sense reality can only be relayed to human ken through instruments devised by a handful of thought employing individuals anticipating thoughtfully the looming need of others."

This is probably an overestimate. There is no reason to believe that the tiny region of human synchronity with Universe frequencies which is our band of experience is as much as a millionth, because it well may be that the range of frequencies goes from $-\infty$ to $+\infty$. I have no quarrel with Bucky's adorable naturalism, but the range of options for synchronicity may be vaster than he has said. So far.

Even if the spectrum is not that large, it serves as a perspective on which to map the tasks of software design. Like Huxley's remark that any good plumber could have done better than god-evolution with the human appendix, it seems to be the case that the human sensory channels are fairly crummy samplers of the range of Universe frequencies. *Hence, any software system which sets the outer limits of its responsibility as fostering the synchronicity of present human wavelengths could be guilty of a reactionary nostalgia.* Filling in the gaps of the sensory range now is a tactic worthy of admiration, but it shouldn't be confused with the grand strategy, which, minimally, in my opinion, must include not only the design expansion of the realm of human experience, but the design expansion of the range of synchronicities in our local region or universe. *Man may be negentropy, but there's more to Universe negentrophy than man.* How to tune in on that is the larger task. To say nothing of feedback.

It will be objected—this is visionary—idealistic—there are many more pressing urgencies presently at hand. To which a good reply might be if you're unaware of the spectrum you're working in, you're working with unnecessary blinders.



To put the matter differently—the larger the generalization, the more significance (meaning, value, importance) the event. That's why we're interested in Cosmology. That's why we fly space ships. That's why we seek Atman, Buddha, Satori, enlightenment, trip.

Software, therefore, results whenever dyssynchronous frequencies are mediated, i.e., related in some form of temporal harmony. It is not very far from the Platonic vision that the music of the planetary spheres is in proportion to the ratio of string lengths on a lute, to the view which reveals that the fundamental units of software are the chords and rhythms of perception. It is utterly banal to hold that the "bits of digital information" metaphor comes any where near the kind of planetary orchestration man is beginning to compose. This vision can be ecologized by the recognition that software results not simply from passing items of perception around among human sensors, but whenever and however Universe frequencies are proportioned. Man is not the only Universe function producing software. It is an entirely common event in Universe, and may in fact turn out to be its fundamental process, i.e., how it basically moves, so that, to do it is to be like the Druids at Stonehenge dancing to the rhythms of the cosmos. Groovin', as it were.

But there's more. Recent evidence suggests that brain waves can very easily come under deliberate control, that alpha highs can be turned on at will, that autonomic nervous system—endocrine interactions can be accelerated-decelerated consciously, that, in short, electronic yoga is now an increasingly popular research sport. *It begins to seem as if experience, not surgery, is the design avenue for deliberate human evolution.* All this *before* the mass availability of mini-laser communications technology, holographic environments instead of rooms/walls of plaster, liquid crystal read out systems, etc. etc.

So, it's time to ask—what are the chronetic laws of that accelerating process of which electronic software is the current mode? By this I do not mean" how soon will the matter transmitter be invented" or "will lunar language finally substitute Einsteinian categories for Aristotelian ones". Such inquiries are an exercise in linear prophecy only, necessary but not sufficient. I'm more interested in temporal design and its prerequisites.

For example, sociologists have unwittingly placed at the foundation of their game the notion of "expectation", by which they seem to mean what Eliot meant when he said the human mind can stand very little reality—raw. People seem to have to know how long a thing will be what it is to know how likely it will stay what it is so they can expect it to remain what it was so when it comes by again they can say—ah yes—that big—nothing new (terrifying) there. They want to be able to anticipate recurrence and periodicity, so they can generalize, and say, oh yes, it's one of those—I've seen it before—it won't hurt me because none of them ever did before. When things (societies, cultures, groups, etc.) change fast, faster than they can be generalized, people experience future shock—they need to experience and generalize faster than they can. When they repeatedly fail, they conclude (generalize) I can't know what to expect. This hopeless condition is known as despair. Are there ways to accelerate the formation of generalizations which can stave off this despair. Does acid do it? will videotape? How? It will be perceived that these questions are special cases of the more general question: how to mediate discrepant frequencies—that is—what forms of software (generalization—culture) do we require in this temporal myriad we call home.

Surely, a beginning is the creation of a new global network of communications hardware and software, so those who now dance to vastly different drummers can come together in the first planetary synchronous civilization ever to steer spaceship earth's evolution consciously deliberately joyously, freed of the fetters of national political (i.e. humanicidal) idiocies.

More important, I think, is the work heretofore left to mathematicians, physicists, philosophers, psychiatrists, and other intellectuals—that is—identifying the waves and frequencies of which our experiences are the result, intuiting the laws which govern them, and designing better freer forms in which to live.

For example, a friend of mine set up his hardware so his five year old son could

1) watch Sesame Street broadcast
2) watch himself watching Sesame Street on a second live monitor.
3) make a tape of himself, watching his tape while watching himself on a live monitor watching himself on tape.
4) tape himself with a 5 second delay loop on 1 monitor and try to mimic that so that the second monitor was in synch with the first.
5) play with variable delay loops on both monitors (2 decks).
6) play with multiple variable delay loops and live monitors.
7) varying recording and playback speeds while doing any/all of the above.

Not surprisingly, the boy began asking his father to help him do things that went beyond the design limits of the hardware. To explain why he couldn't, his father began drawing diagrams of multiple feedback loops with variable time loops, which the kid dug on the basis of his experience. Then, this 5 year old started wondering how to design hardware so he could have the experiences he wanted. He had found the limits of the temporal rhythms built into the hardware available to him, and imagined himself beyond them—i.e., temporal design. He wanted more software than there was in his world. I pass over the obvious corollary that he also immunized himself to the information pollution belching from commercial TV. What interests me about such experiments (which we occasionally do at the Center) is the experimental immersion in complex time pools which are not only exciting but architecturally motivating.

A question which bothers everybody in software—Will enough of us get our hands on enough hardware to produce enough software to sustain a new (global) culture *in time?* That is, can we do it well enough fast enough?

The first half of this question involves ecological recycling—*there's an awful lot of good information around which we could share better if only those maverick data banks were set up.* After all, it's chronetically silly to shoot tape at light speed then air mail it to friends in London. And, since *they* own the satellites, all they have to do is charge prohibitive rentals so *we* can't move our information as fast as we shoot it. So far. They are not gonna rent *us* time to create alternatives to them.

So, it seems to me, we are going to have to come up with software which is not only good for us but good for them too. That's what global means. We have no choice but to take them with us—i.e., turn them on to the benefits of our way. We're gonna have to go beyond the hip ethnocentrism we built to defend ourselves against them. We can't any longer enjoy being so "far out" that nothing happens. This could turn out to be a fatal *underload.*

The only choice we have, in my opinion, is to produce software which mediates their (slower) frequencies and our (faster) ones into those which harmonize both of us with the (much faster) vibes of a really global synchronous system. To put it crudely, we have to show the satellite-computer people how our way is better for all of us, that a planetary form is better—for all of us—than a cartel.

I guess my own naturalism is unmasked in the following optimistic statement—somehow the people always recognize a masterpiece, so that's what we have to do. Which is not, in the strict sense, a political, but rather a cultural—aesthetic task.

The dilemma—you can't have a revolution unless your head's together—but you can't get your head together unless you have a revolution—here arises. *I'm suggesting that both tasks—solidarity and revolution—are facilitated by broadening the collective imagination* with such questions as: What is that process of which industrialism, then automation, then cybernation are the acceleratively appearing moments? What are the unknown time rules such processes follow? Can we design other frequencies and forms?

I think so. But, as Fuller says—"This means things are going to move *fast*".

Vic Gioscia is Executive Director of the Center for the Study of Social Change, N.Y.; Senior Sociologist, Department of Psychiatry, Roosevelt Hospital, N.Y.; Associate Professor of Sociology and Philosophy, Adelphi University; Co-editor—International Journal of Social Change, 30 West 60th Street, Apt. 1C, NYC 10023. (Subscriptions invited)

COMMUNITY

PROJECT REPORT

by Allen Rucker and Richard Kletter

OF THE MEDIA ACCESS CENTER—
A DIVISION OF PORTOLA INSTITUTE

The following is a report on what occurred when two groups of high school students, one white and one third world, used videotape to explore their school. The resulting tapes revealed student reaction to their district's voluntary busing program, while this article relates the process which produced those tapes.

We first got involved in this project as a result of a proposed "evaluation" to research student attitudes toward a voluntary transfer plan which brought minority students to white schools but few, if any, whites to the sole black school. There was much tension in certain "whiter than white" communities and some hostility in the black community from fear that the district would shut down the one black stronghold.

The school district's research division intended to rely on formal interviews and questionnaires to judge their project's success, and hired a Stanford professor to do the work. He put us on to them and we came up with another approach.

We asked them to let us take randomly chosen groups of transfer and resident students at one school, give them ½" Sony portable videotape equipment, and let their findings stand as answers to the district's questions. The students, black, oriental and white, would then have a real voice in the issue and the board would have another source of information. For what it's worth, here is our formal proposal language.

Methods designed to evaluate social or educational programs rarely allow for the observations of the evaluated. Coded questionnaires and disciplined interviewers investigate program efficacy and potential for wider applicability but the impressions of the interviewed and observed are expunged for lack of precision.

We believe, however, that a necessary concomitant to any evaluation methodology is one permitting the participants to convey their own impressions of a program. A person's sense of his own environment, his selection of imagery, may provide the researcher and social planner with the kind of eyesight necessary to a more complete understanding of a project's human component. In short, we believe that a person should be an active participant in defining his own experiences. . .It is to this end that we employ videotape. . . .

This was putting things in their language—no video jargon, no cultural speculations, no politics—and they bought it. . . Of course our proposed budget was nothing—approximately $500—and we assumed the entire burden of equipment and production. We also had our friend, a prominent Stanford educational evaluator, backing us up.

School districts are by nature prissy and timid but their official stamp opens some well guarded doors.

The school chosen for our experiment was the very safest in the district. It was the perfect suburban cliche. During the Cambodian upheaval, while other high schools in the area were either on strike or holding all day teach-ins, the kids at this school held a cake sale in the courtyard. The open courtyard surrounded by one-story buildings in Pentagonal arrangement was the focus of school life. Well-defined cliques gathered about. As one black kid said, it was "an ocean of white faces", peppered only by 60 some transfer kids, 31 of which were black.

The principal was extremely cordial and cooperative. He literally opened the school to us, and never once asked us what we were doing or how we were doing it after our initial conversations. He is no longer so friendly or trusting. We are still wondering why he considered us so harmless in the first place.

The manner of selecting students and introducing videotape as a perceptual tool is probably the most delicate step in the entire process, and we didn't do a particularly good job of it. First of all, we were obligated to go through official administrative channels, which is not only inherently suspect from a student's view, but generally a bad medium. No one listens to the morning bulletin, and no one drops by the office to find out what's new. Most of the students who finally came to us did so by accident—they either wanted to cut a class or were cutting a class when we got them interested.

We had planned to form the groups by walking around the school with portapaks for a few days, then selecting from among those who gravitated toward us. This approach is less suspect though conducive to bias, and in this project random selection was the key phrase. We would likely have chosen all longhairs, but that would hardly have been representative of this student body. Selection really depends on your purposes.

The resident group got caught up in the CBS interview style from the beginning, and didn't begin to see their role as active cybernators until much later. Their taping consisted of long monologues by verbose friends, short stand-off interviews with the courtyard crowd, and some excellent picturesque footage of frisbee throwers, food machines, and the school landscape. This was an extremely difficult set for them to break, given the fact that they didn't want to talk much about the project to each other and they didn't harbor strong feelings which might inspire new designs. Here's how a couple of the participants felt after the whole thing was over:

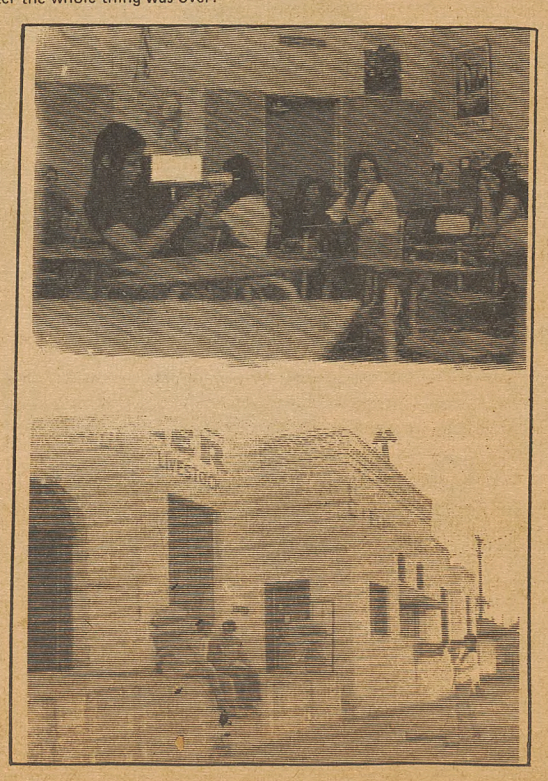


photo: Allan Frank

Ron: When John and I want out to interview, we'd go up to people we knew, you know, and. . .we'd get the people who saw us going around. . .like Apcar came up to us and wanted to talk. . .and there was someone else too. . .but mainly we talked to people we knew.

Us: Why did you do that?

Ron: I don't have a lot of nerve, just going up to anyone. . .

Us: Didn't you feel embarrassed, I mean John sounded very embarrassed when he was asking questions to people he kinda felt were going to give a silly response. . .it's our theory that if you had gone out and talked to people you really didn't know at all, you might have been more blunt and open and tried to get more information.

Ron: A couple of times, I tried going out to someone I didn't know and it was really hard to ask them questions and talk to them, because I felt that he wasn't, you know, sure, and I felt really strange.

Finally, through role playing and just sharp questions, they seemed to open up, discovering different approaches to their problem.

Roger: Well, you guys never told me what to do, I just kinda went out on my own and took what I saw, what I liked. Maybe, like, after I taped something and saw it, well, you might tell me how I might improve on it, but that's all. . . .

Us: If we were going to do that again, what would you suggest we do with other groups of kids that we didn't do with you?

Roger: Tell them more techniques of shooting. . .more about class discussions, things like that. . .even entering the community and you know, seeing what you can find.

Ron: One thing, now looking back, that I appreciate is that you didn't show us another tape. At that point, the first point, I wanted to see something else, to get some ideas, and that's when we didn't do anything, and I just started thinking about it, talked to John, and we got going. But then, I didn't know what to do. . .now I'm glad it was that way, because it was our own.

Despite their timidity and set ways, these kids produced a tape as devastating as that of the transfer group. While the black kids talked about how fragmented and dead things were, this group showed it—point blank. Most of the people they talked to either mimicked parental rhetoric, ("integration must be a slow process. . .") or, they didn't see what the problem was. (Ron: . . . As long as it doesn't affect them, it doesn't mean anything to them.) Teachers and administrators refrained from comment. (Ron: They were afraid. . .one teacher was afraid his views wouldn't agree with the people upstairs, and he might get canned. . .) No transfer student was ever interviewed. To the tune of "What a Day for a Daydream" and CSN&Y, the school was summed up by frisbee throwing and "friendly chatter" in the courtyard.

Each group spent three weeks shooting tape. The kids arranged the shooting schedules among themselves, given the liberties passed down by the principal. We stationed ourselves in a playback area, handled the equipment, and asked questions, and occasionally shot a discussion. We would attempt to generate dialogue among people who entered our domain to see themselves played back (an everyday event), but otherwise we rarely entered the process directly. One reason we think things worked out well is that the participants could fit taping into their regular school routine without much adjustment. It simply became an extension of normal daily patterns, and with the transfer group this meant the bus ride and a few scenes from back home as well as school.

The students we did attract were for the most part quiet, straight, inconspicuous kids. Only one of ten had had camera experience of any kind, and only one, a black student, could be considered a leader. We kept the groups separate and our approach to each remained fluid. *We exposed them to their own image on tape and let them put their hands on the tools immediately. After minimal instruction such as how to tell when the batteries are down, we sent them off and told them to shoot as much as they wanted for as long as they wanted.* We would keep the tapes coming.

Here some comparisons begin. The white group stayed out for two hours and shot about two minutes of tape; the black kids were back in forty minutes with a completed twenty-minute reel. Their tape was mostly shucking and jiving in front of the camera, playing with the zoom while singing and dancing, and they erased it immediately. They didn't care to learn about using the equipment or about understanding their task. They just jumped into it. We consider it now (if not then) a perfect beginning—sort of getting things out of your system. By the second day they were ready to create their own school folklore.

The resident group, those who were not bussed to school, were hesitant, almost reluctant, to accept the freedom we offered, and needed more of an initial explanation. When we asked them how they and others felt about bussing and black kids at their school, they took it as a social studies assignment. Without a direct approach and the novel hardware as a lure, we would have lost them. (We might mention that we had some fears about the success of our own project and had to resist the temptation to be pushy.)

The issue was foreign to them, since integration had but a token presence in their lives. We sensed this and adjusted the context; shoot videotape about school life in general, touching on the bussing question. If it helps, begin by talking to your friends.

The transfer kids worked well together, since they rode the same bus home everybody, lived in the same neighborhood, belonged to the same outside faction at school. The resident group broke up into teams of two and rarely came together until editing time. They were new to each other and this made it difficult to get going.

The approach of the transfer kids was bold, if not haphazard. They were practiced at roaming the school and entertaining themselves, and the camera facilitated even further explorations. The first place they toured without warning was the administration building. Three of them casually wandered from one office door to the next, off-handedly describing who and what they say. ". . .and that is Mr. , the principal. . .he looks pretty busy in their, probably working on something for the transfer students." ". . .and that is another counselor, Mr. , he generally sleeps all day."

Later in the same tape, which became a propaganda piece about "This square-ass school," they entered a girls' gym class. Panning badmitton courts filled with white coeds, they settled on the lone black girl in the class. This set them off. "They say we stick together. . .but looka here, only one soul sister in this whole gym." "Patty, how does it feel to be the only black in the class?" "Feels kinda funny." "You know, I was talking to a counselor the other day, and she was telling me about all the opportunity. . .opportunity, hell, what kinda opportunity do we have. . .down in the ghetto." "You say it, brother. . ."

"This place has got about as much soul as the bottom of my shoe. . .can I get a picture of the bottom of my shoe. Just like Larry said, this place is as white as snow." "That's right, brother, all the soul is on the bottom!"

These kids continually used the camera to their own advantage. Tempering their initial impulse to just barge into places and start popping questions, they arranged situations in which they could both perform and confront the indigenous population.

They taped two sessions between black students and the principal concerning demands for a Black Student Union. The tapes traced the dialogue from stern refusal through patronizing concession to fists clenched in victory and proud students, white and black, planning their first group activity.

Two days in another class probing white kids about their attitudes toward black people produced a stirring confrontation between Larry, the black leader, and one of the school's leading freaks. The depths and subtleties of racism were revealed in a series of really genuine exchanges.

At this point, we felt the limitations of the project. We tried feedback sessions, turning those tapes back into the class that produced them, and igniting discussions in other classes, but we had little tape and less help. Several moving moments were unrecorded. We also wanted to interface student tapes with tapes of parents and community people, but these doors too were closed.

Editing presented the greatest problem both technically and in terms of group process. Students had to travel at night to use our borrowed Ampex 5100E. Inconvenience, waning interest and fear at the prospect of so demanding a task reduced the number of participants to a dedicated five—three transfer, two resident. (The groups were still separate but each became increasingly anxious about the other's work.)

We held several brain-storming sessions examining the tapes, talking about the various points of view, and figuring out how to best present the information in editing. They made the decisions but we performed the mechanics—a necessary result of working with borrowed equipment and limited time. We assembled segments from old format Sony ½" to Ampex 1" and suffered the rollover.

Editing in this context was almost an afterthought—a function necessary to appease those who would not find time to watch the complete four hours. Perhaps it was useful for the students to work at refining and presenting their statements but we hope to limit editing in future project designs.

Energy cycles built up through student explorations and their interactions with us and their schoolmates were dissipated by the district's control of the information. Our notion was to continue feeding tapes back into the school allowing other students to pick up on the information, if not the action. At the very least we hoped the kids involved could accompany showings in the community and at other schools to give a sense of the learning process undertaken. What actually happened after completion of the final tape aborted further efforts.

We held onto all tapes, raw and edited, consenting to copy onto other formats for the school district's purpo[illegible] of the edited versi[illegible] for ourselves. [illegible] to be [illegible] agreement we were then to return all tapes. Copy privilege on the raw tapes was still to be decided, but our one final tape was central to the verbal agreement.

Problems began when a casual conversation we had with a school district official turned into mutual suspicion: on our end, about permission to copy certain raw tapes, and on theirs. about ever receiving those tapes at all. (The raw tapes were not covered in the written agreement signed by the school district and the Stanford professor.) His "superior" called ours—instant delivery of the tapes resulted.

They received no other format copies and we were denied our one copy. We kept a few "white Albums", i.e., tapes made by the students on our own tapes after the project allotment had run out. We then climbed the rung to the next higher official and told him about the "white albums", told him that they had no machine in their district capable of playing the raw tapes (4 months later, they still have not been seen), and that the edited version was made on a mal-alligned Ampex so they would never get it to track properly. Finally, but most important, we told him we had undertaken the project, understanding that little money was involved, because an experiment, a process, which we believed valuable would be attempted, and we expected a copy of that effort. He was impressed by our dismal portrait of affairs, offering cautiously, "perhaps something can be worked out."

Prior to our next conversation, several weeks later, the final tapes were shown to school district administrators, including the principal of the high school involved. They liked it—began to spin off a variety of possible uses—until the principal spoke.

He said the tape portrayed "his" school unfavorably, that it reflected the bias of a few kids, that we had an inordinate influence over the outcome, that parents who saw it outside the proper context might hedge on intergration and that therefore the tape should not be shown again. He offered to write a script and help produce a new tape, "a real tape."

The principals objections prevailed. At present the final tapes will be used only in teacher training in the black and minority area and the raw tapes will just sit.

The higher official squirmed about the regrettable situation and deemed unlikely our hope that his boss would contravene his principal and release the tapes—"Perhaps in time, when things have cooled down."

He said our only access to the tape, even for a single restricted showing was to have a Phd, preferably but not necessarily in education, formally request its use, stating that he would be present at its showing.

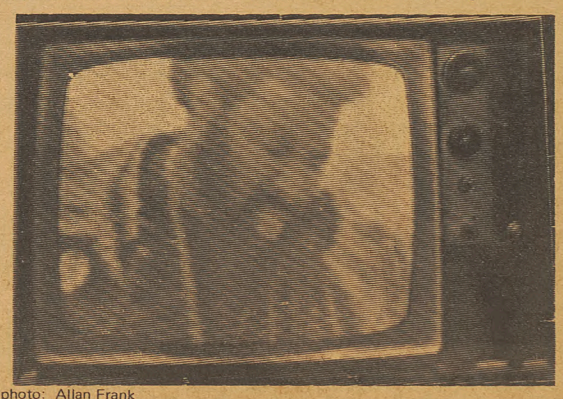


photo: Allan Frank

Aída

Why i desire you is not on any leaf,
is not the thread of any greenness
nor reasons to be found in months
or droplets and everfalling earth or
any mad natural spring unfolding;
it is not in your dust, walking,
and not your song out of doors
stormy in the wild corn at cloudset;
no mountain trail defines you, no twist
or repetition printed in the land --
yet questioning shapes spiral round you,
you who are most a special nothing,
where in the alien fullness your shadow
is bending fierce with time and line,
and why i desire you is not in any stillness.

The Anniversary

what joining of flesh was this, and words?
a stomach sile a monument
stretched out cold on the floor,
will need an operation
to put the skin back in place.

anticipation of lunar landscape
expecgancy of front or back door
locked against the hunter's return
in giant strides thru winter,
and when did the power fail
replaced by throwing his teeth
down the basement stairs?

retaliation prods on the horn
until she swears shrieking
on her father's grave
and swears by it and refuses
stones placed on the slab,
not her tradition, not her luck
so devious and intent a tormentor,
hoping as she wants to say,
rare times: respond to me,
bite my nails love
or i shall surely go mad,
but goes to the A+P instead

where am i?
an island a tongue and a coil
decline before my honor
range themselves in obeisance
reinvent a straw wall
and hover at bedside
for the rights to my carcass.
the city is fog now, or a boat;
there has never been a nation;
my friends all seek a turmoil,
know me not in flesh and dream smoke.
a pause, a silence, a return:
where am i?

How can i call you honey?
Is honey willful and can it whisper?
I know no motives in its sweetness,
no caring in its measured flow,
nothing of concern in its cool thickness.
How then can i lie to you
unless the hive has learned to worry
and bees take up with bees for love of them?

Two birth haikus:

Warmth and dark love sleep
stir tight and tender.
waking nine dreams later on.

One night's sleepless sleep--
suddenly two new eyes
follow stars and rain.

Sweet drip lemons
and melt your night body down
to make me soap.

Virgin of the hive
humming late songs of honey
soft in green places.

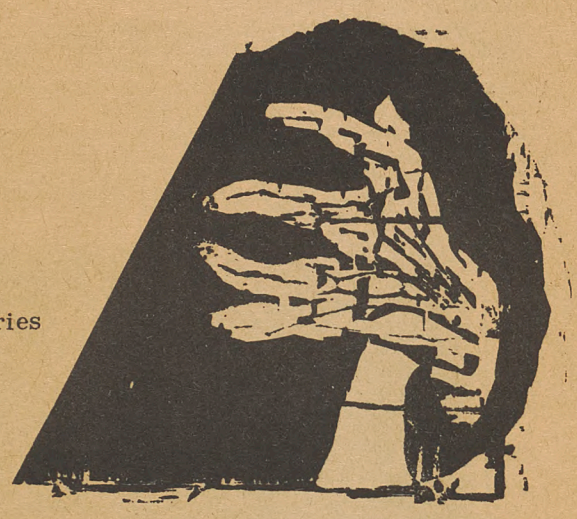
I went looking for peace but found only the institutions of man
I went looking for quiet but found only men
So i climbed away from men on trails made by men
And sat still in a pine tree where no man ever sat
Until a rabbit ran away, and a lizard, and then the wind stopped.

Fingerprints fade now
with scent of falling pine bark
on a woman's face.

Who will forget her
when hands and sap sing touch songs
wild in the forest?

Romeo + Juliet

This vaulting call of granite slabs and cloth
proclaims impediments to their white haste,
a glooming answer drips from sill to wrist,
sands that alternately weep and whisper.
They came to their rock, these children of fire
and word-thick alcove; of two she faints first
to tell the breathless lush reeling of last night's
sudden strands of windy lips and hair.
-- "God would they be done in there!"
Cool mortar awaits them yet otherwhere
and their drinking vision's timeless desire
is too wild for this formula to grace.
Blushing child from the booth she driven steps
to his steel and black phials for just one life!



At the long table
where dead men write memories
one man's hand is still.

Now that the sons of Belial walk the earth again
we who have loved eachother before are historians.
I tell how we sang sweetly and touched
and worshipped in the seasoned sun.
You whisper the places you've been,
in your joy the gifts you brought to life.
All our wild paper will pass away,
ten thousand years will kill us running for light
and still be lovers
Crossing on the pages of another Atlantis.

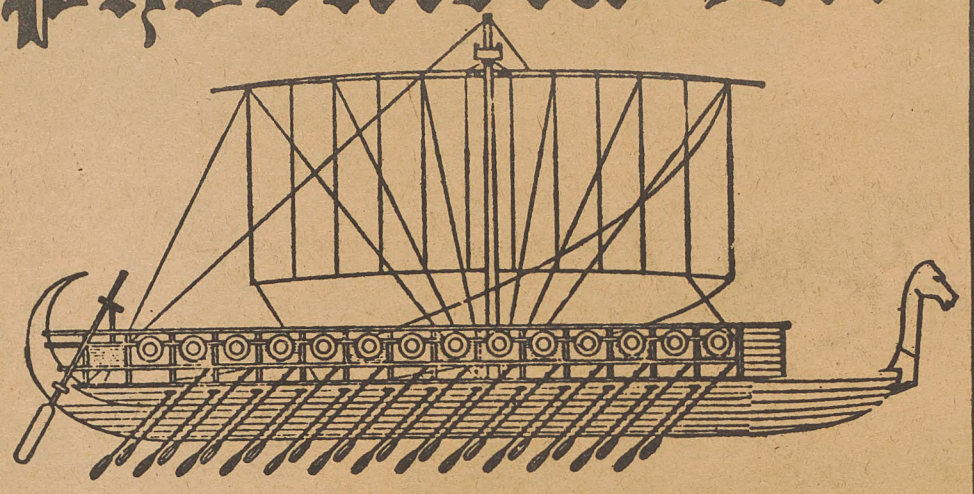
steve

schartzman

An ant running
across the yellow desert
of this floor to you.

Her voice a blanket, soft:
"Not 'now or never,'
But now or tomorrow,
now or next october,
now or when the cherries ripen
and their scent drifts
across the park to us. Then."

Phoenicia Ltd.



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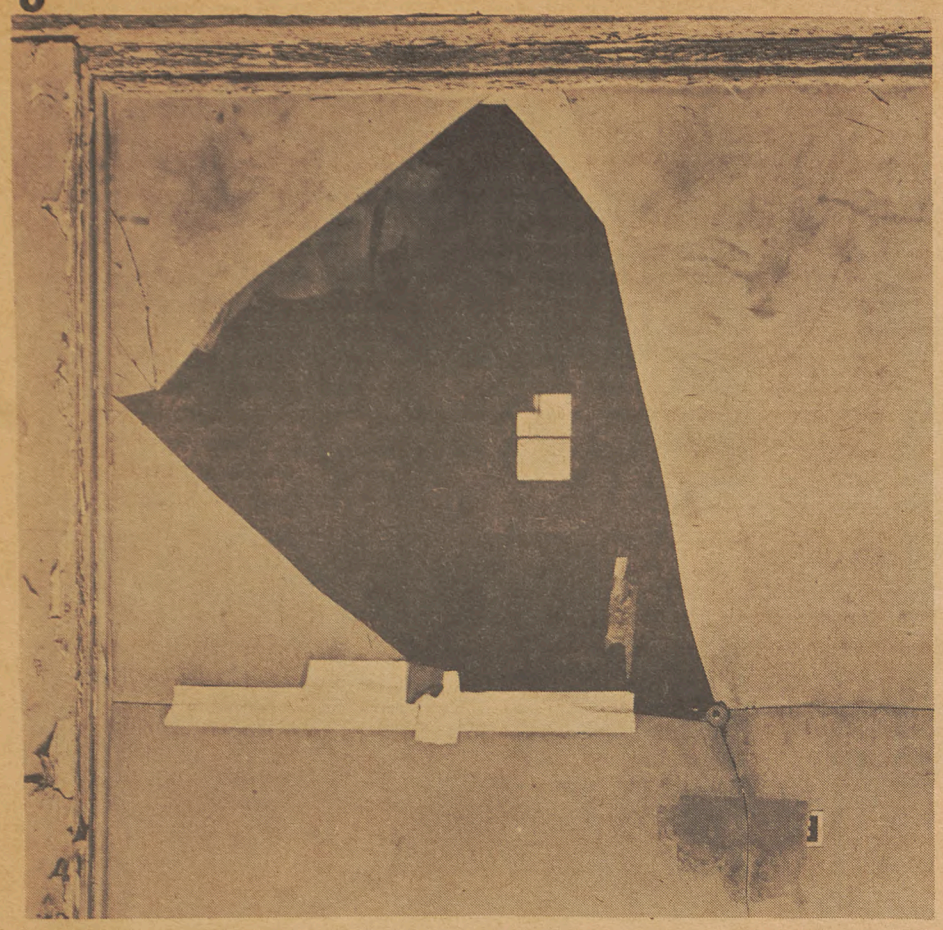

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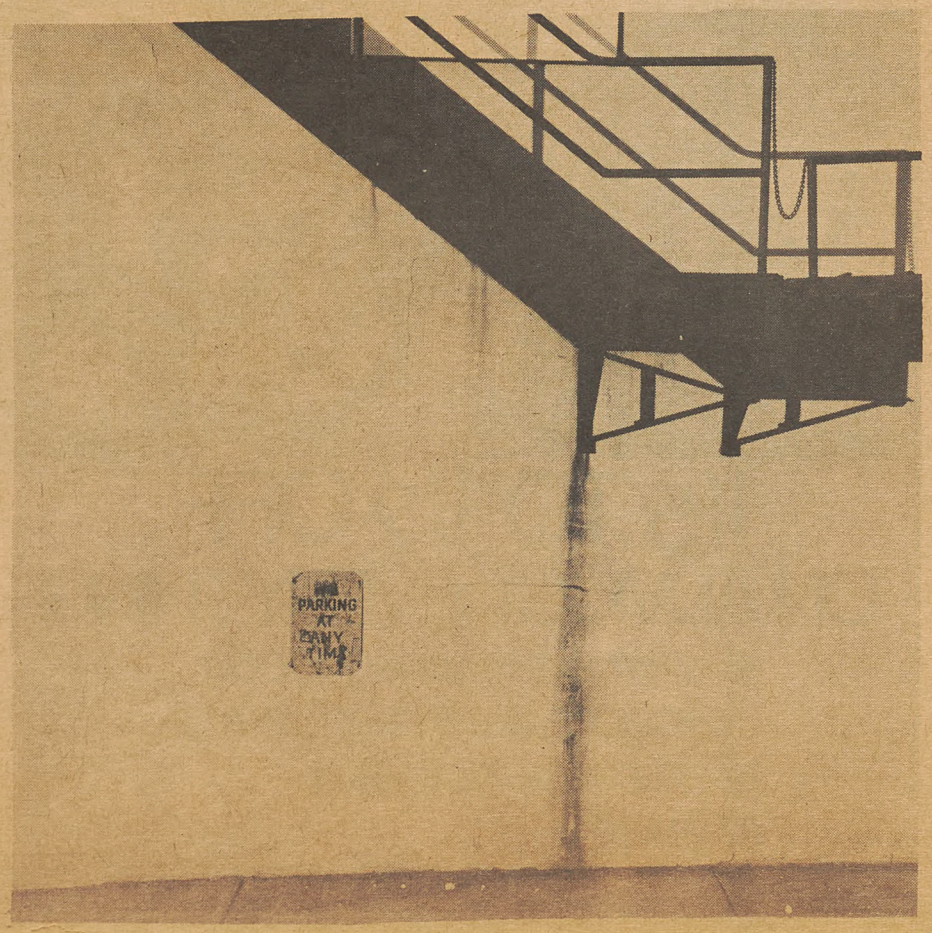
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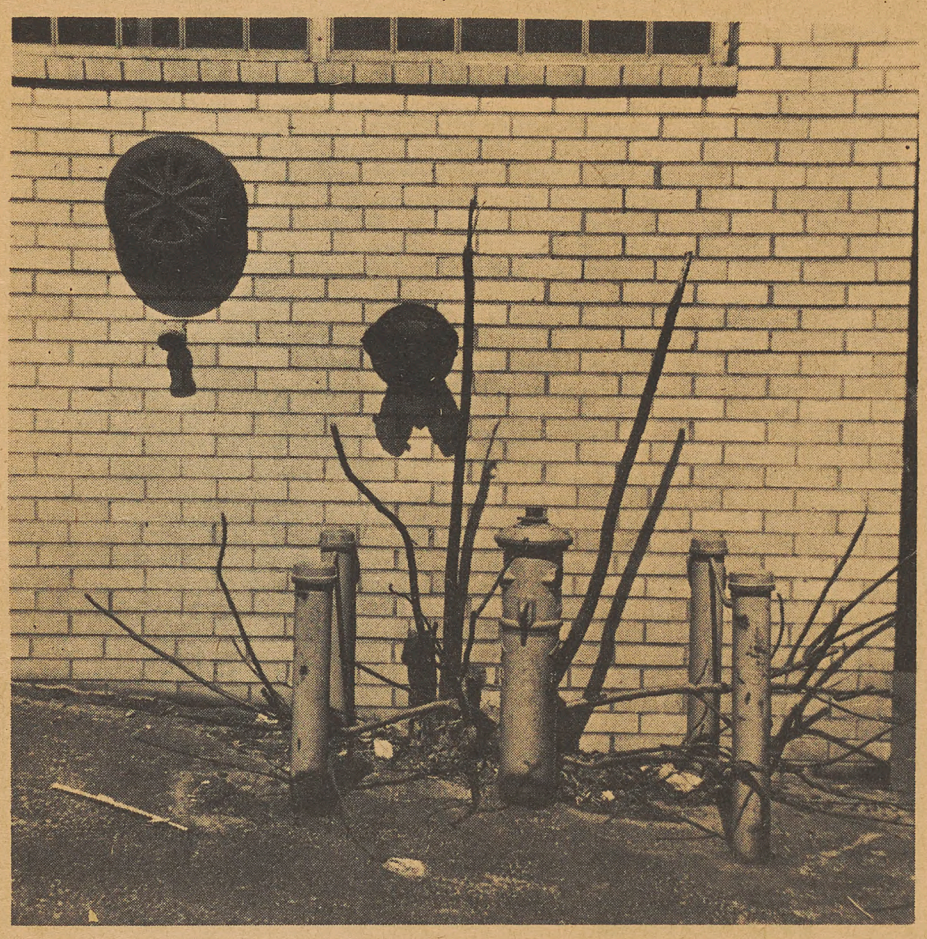


I'm Not Sure That This Is A Poem

Drowsy,
I lay in her
Like a ship in harbor,
Rolling with the soft swells.
And too,
Wavelets
Lapping at the hull.

DIVORCE TRILOGY

I. I'm Still Finding Your Little Notes

Little notes,
"I Love You,"
Left in books,
Tucked into socks
You rolled for Me.

Notes for My
Wall.
"Priscilla Panther Puurs Unhappily In Your Presence."
Collection of
My things.

I was so hungry.

Notes in My books,
"You Haven't Been So Nice Lately,"
Vaudeville routines
To the Beatles,
Pots of chili,
Shower caps made you so homely
Until Your long hair
Came tumbling out.

I remember
How I
Never told You
How I loved the You
In those things.

II. For Twenty-three Years I Thought I Had An Ideal Background

My parents hadn't touched each other for years.
During My marriage of one year
My wife and I touched intermittantly.
My sixteen year old sister is afraid of being touched at all.
My brother is a surgeon.

III. Why we must all strive to be holy

I'll miss her
Especially in the wintertime,
When everyone dissapears into
Dusty apartments.

She was not all that I wanted,
But that's not why
I treated her so miserably,
Invalidating everything I could.

Symbolic Father Subconscious Trip.
I didn't even know.

But now I understand,
How someone can say,
"I'm not responsible",
When you're standing
In front of them,
Crying.

Every Once In A While, And Even Then

Gentle Thoughts
Of Self Understanding and Acceptance
Brush the neurons in my head
With Rabbit's Fur
Or
Tansummerskin.

Jewish American Princess

They bought her
Everything.
Yet,
After she had fallen asleep,
Her radio was still
BLARING,
In the middle of the night.

My brother,
(on a rare visit home,)
Says,
He found her sleeping one night,
Curled up,
Huddled by the baseboard radiators,
In the corner,
Of his room,
Like a dead kitten.

John V., Patient, Is No Longer Here

I knew a boy who died the other day.
They knew he wouldn't make it off the table.
"He knew he was going to die," she said.

He had hair on his legs
And hallucinated people coming
To cut off his penis.

They had to shave his groin
To prepare for the catheter
Leading to the heart-lung machine.
(I hope he wasn't awake then.)

He was very depressed and suicidal.
"There was nothing you could do about it."

So they cut into him,
Trying to fix his
Big, impotent heart.
But, he never regained
Consciousness.

"And we had no choice but to try."

But maybe,
He should have died overlooking the sea.
Still depressed,
But united with the rhythms of the earth.

I am a medical student,
And I saw his heart today
In a
Jar.

Wow.

Mandala

The sun fire dances behind my brain,
Ready to burst out through my eyes.

My God I'm breaking through.

I am breaking through.
I'm holy.

I'm so holy.

howard
m.
grindlinger

Shining stars are what
I see
when
I looked anywhere near you
and then
sharpens
clearer
and
clearer
the closer
I look
until...

It is the sun I see in you

If you wish to know
what truth is, look inside
yourself, it will shine
outin to you in the brilliance
of your heart.

Living in this world is all,
Loving in this world is more,
You is all,
You and me is more,
Our Father, you and me is all more
Eternal

In your eyes rainbows of color shine
with infinite beauty, caressing everything
you look at, making them shine themselves,
reflecting your beauty

---

marie paulson

The thoughts (behind my smile)
are all but invisible
I wish they weren't
not to you
I know they are
my voodoo
even when
you n' me
come to be
one
I'll still own
my thoughts
y'know
only certain feelings
float through air

the others
stay (beneath my skull
& crossbones)

Flying against the wind
Over the roof
Findinf nothing but
Shaping everything
to your desires
Contaminating my silence
reaching for the moon--
or from the moon
to the earth
An armless soldier
You've got a peaceful enemy
I just like to hide
but from where I am
I can't see it all
Soon--
I'm gonna have to come up
Wave my white flag
& watch you gallop home
A lost victor
Then all I can say
will be--
It wasn't my game.

Be real
if real is happy---
let it be

but don't let me see
that mask
covering your true face

You want something so much
You make it that way
even
if it can't be

So just wait
till tomorrow
when

you look in the mirror
&
can't recognize the reflection
looking back

I sometimes aim my horns
at that red cape
& charge.
And your majestic figure
neatly
Swerves away
to leave
me skidding into the wall.
The expressionless faces
Composing the crowd
roar.

turn again

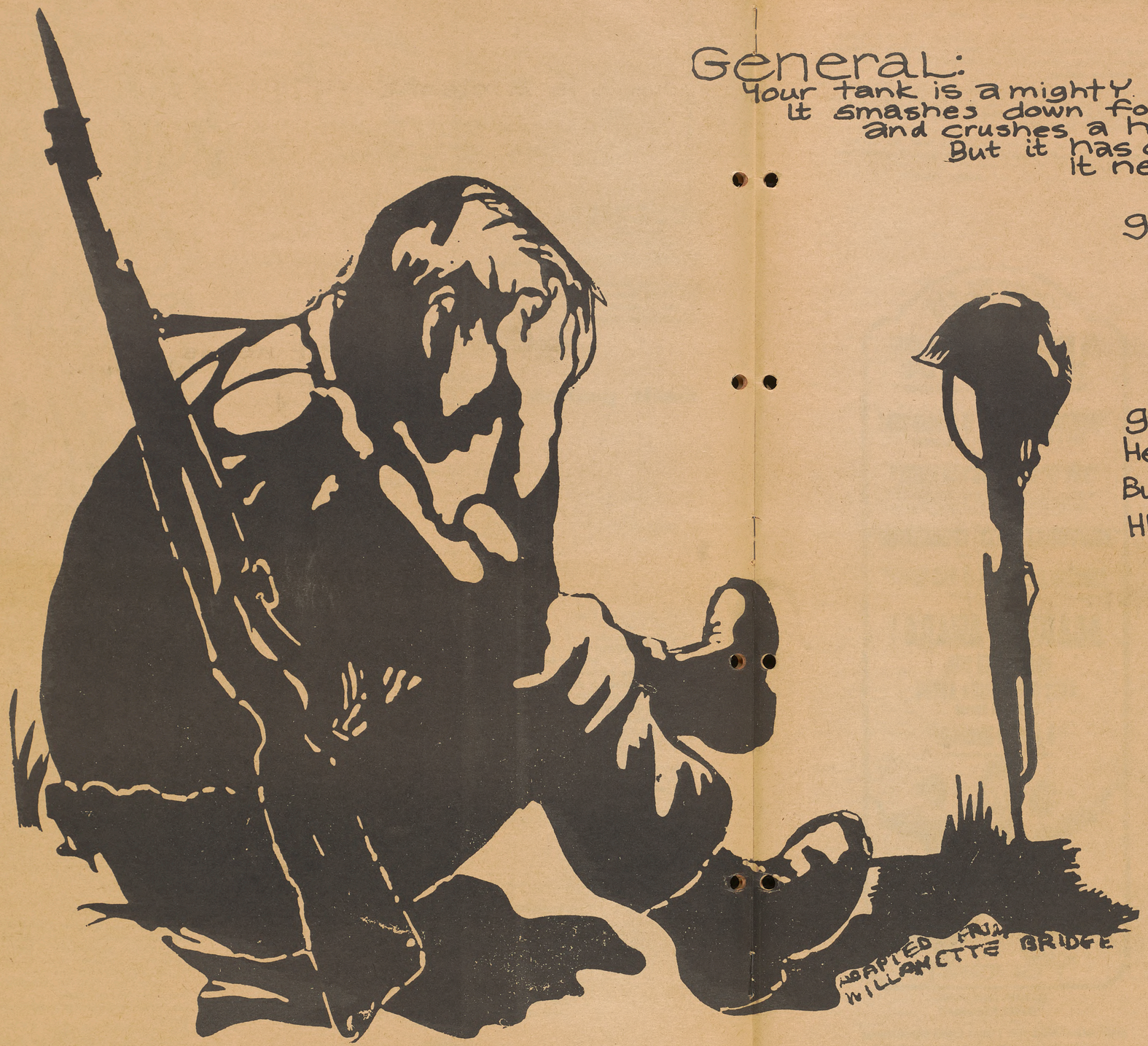
to whisper
to that great red cape

that me n' the others
have surrendered our horns
to show it
we live within it's without.

So where did they all go?

To smother laughs in the glaring streetlights
And avoid glances or glares (nothing in between)
Of the pseudo-intellectuals in their red cars
To throw around other people's lines
To play hot potato with his mind
& he's only a kid out for a beer
To try on different masks
Searching frantically for a mirror before midnight
Strikes
Who wants to be a pumpkin
To be the white knight with the purple shield
Who stabbed the polar bear last night
That's the way they dreamt it
And say it's all in fun
So where did I go?

Just up that spider's silken thread
to see what it all looked like



General:
Your tank is a mighty vehicle.
It smashes down forests
and crushes a hundred men.
But it has one defect:
it needs a driver.

general;
Your bomber is powerful.
It flies faster
than a storm,
and carries more than
an elephant.
But it has one defect:
It needs a
mechanic.

general, a man is
very useful
He can fly and
he can kill.
But he has one defect:
HE CAN THINK.

b. brecht

DRAMA

DAME JUDITH ANDERSON AS HAMLET

Dame Judith Anderson performed Hamlet with a synthesis of love and artistry. Being the fulfilment of a longtime desire, she spoke the words of the fated Prince of Elsinore confidently, mastering the complexities of the character and the nuances of the situation.

Dame Judith believes in the asexuality of Hamlet; Hamlet as the synthesis of universal thesis and antithesis; the classical tragic figure existing above the dichotomous plane of good//evil or man/woman. Others see Hamlet as one of the most masculine roles in theater, to be played as such.

Last week's production, under the direction of William Ball was a realistic approach to the task undertaken; that is, creating a showcase for Dame Judith's talents and satisfying her wish to play the role. Hamlet was pared down to its bare essentials. The scenery was minimal, only a three-tiered platform and standing panels in crimson. Costumes were of the same color, except for Hamlet's; Dame Judith wore black tights, high boots, and a short black buskin. No props were used. All this lent an academic, almost analytical quality to the performance. Attention was centered on Shakespeare's language, which Dame Judith spoke with poetic clarity. Fortunately, Mr. Ball was wise enough to remain consistent. He must have realized that to portray Hamlet with complete realism would be to call attention to the obvious contradictions of Dame Judith, thus detracting from the total effect.

It took a few minutes for the cast to warm up, especially the Dame, who may have found it difficult to affect an immediate psychological transfer. King Claudius was played by Laurence Hugo in a superficial, one-dimensional way. As Hamlet's antagonist, there are unlimited possibilities for expansion and depth in this role and it was dissapointing that Hugo failed to illuminate the character. His very flat, very American accent seemed out of place. Ludi Claire as Queen Gertrude was relatively convincing in one of Shakepseare's most taxing roles. To adequately understand Gertrude's conflicting loyalties as a mother, wife, lover, and queen takes a sensitive woman as well as a fine actress. In the first minutes of the play, Horatio (Stephen Newman) tells Hamlet about the ghost with the emotionality of a baker baking his fiftieth cake. The part of Polonius is beautifully played by Don McHenry. He grows in the role, establishing a believable father-son relationship with Laertes and creates a timeless rapport between father and daughtter when he counsels Ophelia in the art of love.

The international recognition of Shakespeare's Hamlet has introduced new problems to would-be Polonius'. English teachers have aggravated the situation by drilling quotations into the heads of their students. As a result, nearly every line that Polonius speaks has become a cliché. An actor may ride on the wave of Shakespeare's success, simply reciting the lines, or one can endow the part with fresh meaning by becoming the character. Happily, Mr. McHenry stripped all triteness from the lines, exposing them as the wit and genius that they are.

Dame Judith adequately displayed her understanding of Shakespeare's writing. She recognized his weakness and tried to compensate by ad-libbing at the end of meaningless exiting couplets; the author's frequent puns were assimilated into the character's speech style. She reacted well to Hamlet's various mood changes, becoming alternately satirical, mocking, brooding, silent.

During the performance, I thought that Shakespeare must have been a philosopher as well as a playwright; many lines bely more abstract thoughts, thoughts developed in the twentieth century by Hermann Hesse and Carl Jung. Shakespeare has Hamlet say: "...there is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so" and " a dream itself is but a shadow."

Dame Judith's Hamlet was in effect, a fine reading. The fact that she is very petit physically detracted from her relationship with the other characters, a faulty PA system was annoying, but despite my feelings about the nature of the character Hamlet, Dame Judith Anderson was a triumph. And after a long, full career, she is entitled to her wish.

MERRIL GREENE

Mad Heart by amiri imamu baraka (formerly Leroi Jones)

performed February 21, 22, 23 at All Souls Church

Silent stage, dark blackened oily drapes enclosed, a bit of a stutter into light and for twenty minutes or so there is a barrage or archetypal relationship, black relationship with himself, his woman, his idol, his madness and his history.

It is too hard to say anything right now. This play is probably destined for New York off-off-off. They think so. But it is too early to say. The audience seems to see what is happening, even though it is much too quick for me sometimes.

Obscenity, jive, pussy, and hard-emotioned brutalness and clarity seem to come through in the possibilities. Soon again, I should wait and see. But I do declare.

PAUL JONES

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TANGO, the major work of one of East Europe's most significant dramatists, makes its Washington premiere at the Open Stage, in Georgetown , Friday , February 26, 27, March 5, 6, 12, 13 at 8pm. The theatre is located in the Dumbarton Methodist Church, 3133 Dumbarton Avenue, just off Wisconsin , and is an experimental venture of the Church and the American University Theatre.

The play parodies a golden era of creative freedom which is irresponsibly carefree. Ironically, a young son, in suit and tie, attempts to force his libertine family to return to traditional values. Playwright Mrozek makes frightening speculations as to the future of any society which becomes increasingly polarized.

The cast includes actors from American University Theatre, Chevy Chase Players, Montgomery Players, and the community. Tickets for students are $1.00, for adults $2.00. Group rates are available. For information and reservation, call244-6333.

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·A DIFFERENT MUSICAL STRAIN·

stephen allen whealton

TORU TAKEMITSU

Japan, as we all know, is taking over the world. Not millitarily, but economically. Predictions have been made recently to the effect that Japan's Gross National Product should eclipse that of the United States of America by 1990, 2000, or some other year.

The Japanese people, indeed, have rebounded remarkably well from their defeat in World War II. Their present economic growth-rate is utterly phenomenal.

Copying other countries' methods has been the Japanese way of progressing since before they borrowed the Chinese alphabet. Just after World War II, their copying was the butt of many an American's joke.

Now, the Japanese have copied other nations technologically so well that they have reached the stage where there is nobody left to copy - they are at the forefront in several fields. Consumer electronics and ocean-going oil-tankers are but two of the fields in which Japanese conpanies lead the world, or share the lead.

During this technological westernization, the Japanese have also taken as their own several of our Western habits apart from electronics, technical knowledge, and the more obvious cigarettes and coca-cola.

Western music, with its symphony orchestra, its traditions, and its backlog of musical works has been accepted enthusiastically by many Japanese. Along with this acceptance, there have been composers, performers, conductors, etc., of Western Music who have been born and trained in Japan.

Recently, the avant-garde wing of "classical" music has been invaded by a small number of very interesting Japanese composers. Of these, the most interesting to my mind is Toru Takemitsu. He was born in 1930.

RCA, which has extensive business connections in Japan with the recording industry there, has issued here in the United States two recordings entirely devoted to Takemitsu's work, as well as a complete side of Takemitsu music as a 'filler' on another of its recent modern-music releases. Columbia records, normally a bit more "up" on important musical goings-on, has but two of Takemitsu's works here on disc.

Most important of all of Takemitsu's pieces now on record is the November Steps . In this piece, the composer fuses the Western musical traditions with the Japanese traditions. In making this fusion, Takemitsu uses the familiar contrast between soloists and orchestra.

The Orchestra plays Takemitsu's own very original and beautiful kind of Western music. It uses Western scales, instruments, methods of playing, etc.

In counterpoint to this Western background, Takemitsu sets up a pair of soloists; one playing a Biwa, and the other a Shakuhatchi. These two instruments give the music a sound which is familiar as "Japanese" even to a novice American ear. In addition to the instruments' sounds, however, Takemitsu has given the instrumentalists traditional Japanese kinds of musical sequences, melodies, and nuances for the two solos.

The drawback of this disc is its cost. It is a two-record set. Admittedly, the piece which occupies three sides to the November Steps' one side (Messiaen's Turangalila Symphony) is a good one, but the price for but one side of Takemitsu is very steep if you don't happen to like Messiaen. The number is RCA LSC - 7051.

Better as a bargain is RCA Victor's LS C - 3099. It is all Takemitsu; four pieces in all. Like the November Steps above, it is performed by the Toronto Symphony under the direction of Takemitsu's fellow-countryman, Seiji Ozawa.

This disc delves into Takemitsu's earlier music, including his Green for orchestra (November Steps II), as well from his later work. The earlier pieces are called Asterism, for piano and orchestra; Dorian Horizon, for strings, and Requiem, for strings.

These four pieces serve to trace Takemitsu's musical travels from one 'copycat' influence to another. In his case, however, his own strong personality is always evident. By the time he created Green, he had completely left behind the influences of other composers' music.

An even better bargain is RCA Victrola VICS - 1334. This disc is less expensive, and it has three recent pieces. One, Coral Island, features a soprano as well as orchestra. It takes up an entire side, and it is quite beautiful. The vocal writing is a part of Takemitsu's Western musical style, it seems to me; being more closely allied to the orchestra's music than was the case with the two soloists in November Steps.

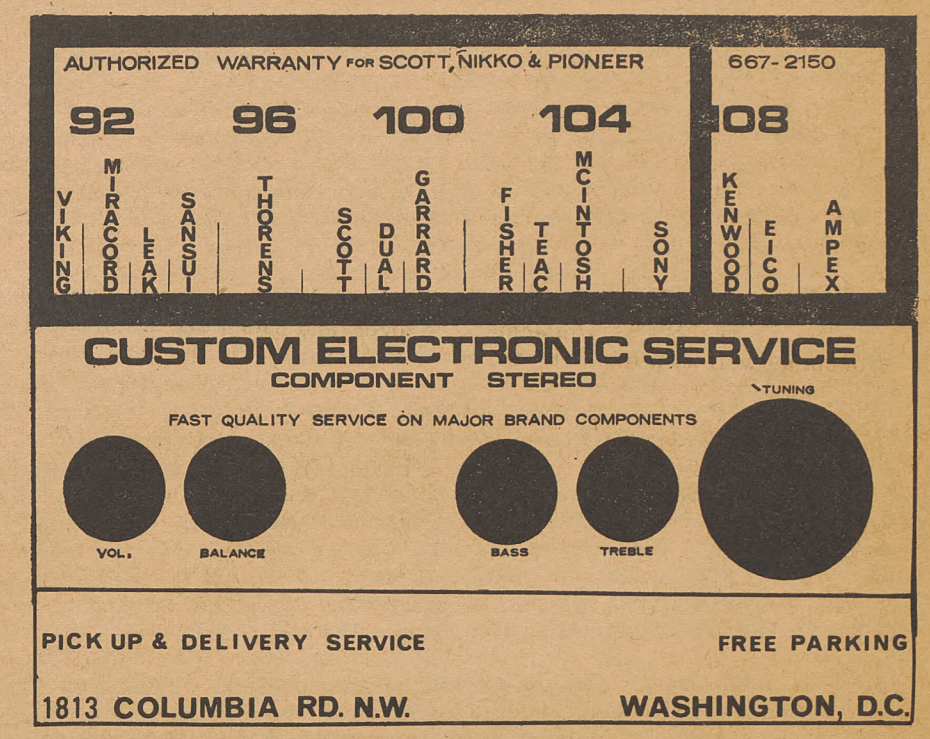
On the flip side are two pieces of electronic music. One, entitled Water Music, is entirely based upon the sound of water. It is very nice; only occasionally falling into the anonymous category inhabited by most undistinctive electronic music.

The real gem of this disc, however, is Takemitsu's sound-track to a short animated film entitled Ai. The word means "love," and the piece of electronic music which Takemitsu has made from the sound-track he calls Vocalism Ai. Here, the composer's humor is evident. I have seen the film, and I inevitably remember scenes from it whenever I hear Vocalism Ai; and yet this piece stands alone. The word, Ai, is heard over and over; stretched, compressed, moaned, squeaked. It is short and sweet.

Columbia's two discs are less interesting for their Takemitsu than are RCA's; though both of the Columbia discs feature other music of real value. One is a full-price disc which duplicates the Dorian Horizon listed above. It is Columbia MS 7281, and it features very fine music by David del Tredici and Iannis Xenakis as well as its Takemitsu selection.

A better bargain is Columbia's half-price disc of Japanese music. It features Takemitsu's Textures, played by the orchestra of the NHK, or Japanese Radio. Hiroyuki Iwaki conducts. The disc also has on it pieces by Akira Miyoshi and Toshiro Mayuzumi.

In sum, I recommend Takemitsu wholeheartedly. His music is beautiful. Not only does he bridge the gap between East and West, but he does it in an original way, and with a diverse and enjoyable music. It is strong music.



NEW FILMS

by Tom Shales

Arthur Penn's "Little Big Man" is either the most brilliant flawed movie or the most flawed brilliant movie in a long time. It should definitely be better than it is; one sees what Penn is trying to do and sees just as well that he doesn't quite do it. And as likeable as the film may be, it is not the kind of movie that you really want to talk about. It has overstated its ideas, and overloaded its conceits, so that it very nearly exhausts all possible interest in itself.

Still, Penn is a clever moviemaker and an unquestionably entertaining one. He is also a master of folk tone, so that he actually seems to be making folk movies. John Hammond's bluesy musical score helps him achieve that here as much as Lester and Earl's "Foggy Mountain Breakdown" gave a Real People feel to "Bonnie and Clyde" and Arlo's talk-songs authenticated "Alice's Restaurant."

Calder Willingham, who wrote the screenplay from a Thomas Berger novel, has caught this cadence too with his tall-tale appraoch and the film has an effortless impromptu impulse—despite its obvious bigness—or little bigness—and the quasi-panoramic view it takes of genocide in the Old West.

Penn and Willingham punctuate their film with slapstick, often reversals of Western movie cliches, and that gets to be like their inducement to submit to an essentially, if painlessly, didactic movie. Maybe some people will be affronted at this come-on, preferring their guilt movies without corss-cutting yocks, but for the most part, this is skillful juxtaposition—the hard facts of the real West against Dustin Hoffman's baggy-pants cowpoke. It is not as devious a device as the one Ralph Nelson used on his similarly themed but far less sophisticated "Soldier Blue," which played a sweetsy lovestory against a sickening massacre—about the same sort of callous manipulation as if "Bambi" had ended with white hunters slaughtering and eating the little deersy.

The slapstick has a point of its own besides. It epitomizes the exaggeration, deception, and outright lying with which white America rewrote the history of the West, changing it from a story of brutal extermination and plunder to a farcical pseudo-saga about bravery, glory, and honor. In the film, General Custer is the ultimate culmination of this mania, such a fool that he has convinced even himself of this fabrication—a parcel of lies, of course, that greatly out-lived him and became virtual history.

Penn and Willingham have tried to keep this all from becoming too simplistic and, naturally, failed from time to time. Their portrait of the Indians, however, is for the most part patient, restrained, and not given to excess romantics. The Indians are not depicted as moonstruck goody-goodies merely to counter the oldtime cowboy movie image. They are just a hearty, earnest people, given to superstition, and living according to the empirically enforced realization that "where the white man goes, there is only death."

Old Lodge Skins, who makes that pronouncement, and who is eloquently played by Chief Dan George, personifies their pride and perseverance the essential opposite of madman Custer—as well as their naive mysticism (probably the most persistent and universal of all human delusions). The details of life on the reservation are contrasted with the coarse ways of the coming white man. Especially in the area of sex. Faye Dunaway is gleefully obvious as the screwed-up preacher's wife for whom sex must be a forbidden evil; her hangup is countered with the straightforward approach of the Indian women. And so on.

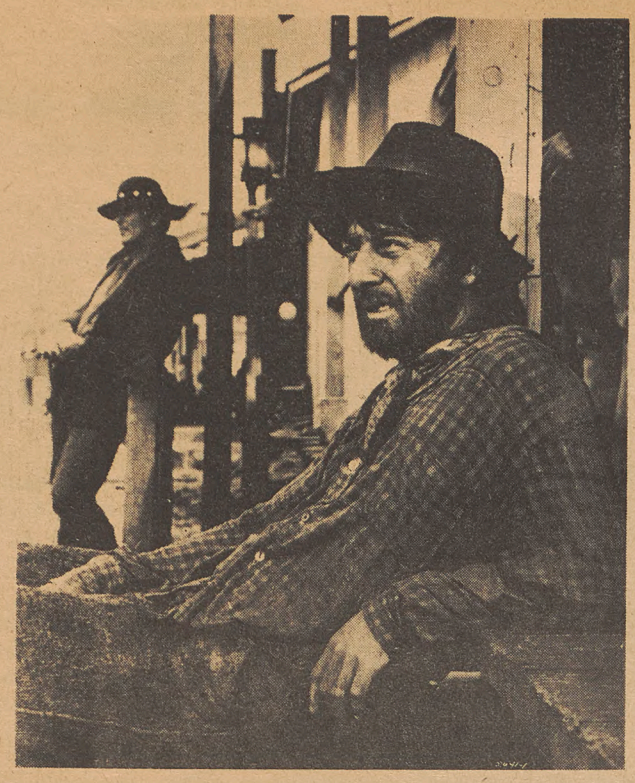
One of these details is treated curiously by pen. Early in the film, we are told that one of the Indian boys likes to stay with the women and sew. So the others leave him, without any kind of remonstrance, and go about their hunting. Later, however, when the boy has grown up (the movie covers about a hundred years), Penn and Willingham, who seem to have admired the Indian's easy acceptance of homosexuality in their midst as just one of those things, themselves turn it into an object of ridicule, directing Robert Little Star to play the part as a contemporary urban swish. This is an odd way to make a point.

At other times in the film, the attempt to be brawlingly funny---so that we won't get testy about being delivered a message wrapped inside a movie-- is particularly clumsy. Penn may have misjudged just how much "comic relief" we needed from this film. Perhaps in his eagerness to avoid a polemic--which is an admirable attitude, and a rare one--he went too far the other way. Whatever, the balance he tries to maintain, an admittedly tricky one, occasionally teeters too far to one side and lands on top of him. And there we are. The film starts to look mixed up and schizzy. Eventually, though, it will get its equilibrium back and carry on.

Dustin Hoffman plays little big man Jack Crabb, whose reminiscences croaked into a tape recorder are the film's narration and a handy replacement for transitions. Hoffman is good, but just good enough, and occasionally his Manhattan manner intrudes on the characterization. If it even is a characterization. Since Jack Crabb is really a little big Everyman, whose most distinguishing feature is his ability to fall into the tides of history rather than sink, there isn't a lot that Hoffman could have done with the role-- and he doesn't do it. His performance is not unsatisfying-- just unsurprising. He is more than willing, it appears, to give his scenes with Chief Dan George to the old Indian, where they belong. Some of them are uncommonly touching in a thoroughly unpatronizing way. Penn can really move you without letting you think you have lost your cool--which requires him to hardly ever lose his.

You almost have to like "Little Big Man", unless you dislike it for trying so hard to be likeable (and, subsequently, succeeding). It is beautyfully photographed and edited, though some of the more superfluous slapstick could certainly go, along with a few more pieces of Martin Balsam and maybe even an inch or two of Faye Dunaway--a profane suggestion, admittedly.

And--almost needless to say--"Little Big Man" is safely better all by itself than all five movies nominated for an Academy Award, whatever that is, as best picture of the year. This year's nominations are really beyond belief. But we can believe them. They are the logical reaction from a Hollywood that refuses even to acknowledge its own passing. They remind us that the worst things about Hollywood have not changed since the era that Pauline Kael is now recreating in her fantastically fascinating New Yorker essay, "Raising Kane", except that now, of course, Hollywood is dead. Dead.



If American Moviegoer really does have a romance lust right now, a yearning for escapist gush that has to be satiated to be appeased, it's too bad the movie to do the trick--and thus, hopefully, end the trend--wasn't "Ryan's Daughter" instead of "Love Story".

'Ryan's Daughter" is about as warm and human as a collossal contraption can be, which is certainly not much except when compared to the sappy plastic pathos of "Love Story". At several points in "Daughter", the film actually succeds in stirring emotions. One feels contempt for old Ryan, the craven informer who betrays his own daughter; one feels fear for the girl when the villagers come at her for her crime of adultery with a British officer; and there is a fine sense of freedom to cinematographer Freddie Young's rapturous and generous visits to the seashore. For these and a few other reasons, the film is not completely empty. But when compared to its thundering structural enormity, the virtues dwindle down to teencey weenciness--like somebody just tossed a bottle of ink into the Potomac. Hardly enough to make it even think about turning blue.

Certainly what David Lean was after with his monstermovie was not all that contemptible in spirit. He wanted to tell an old-fashioned story--sweet girl betrayed by her sex drive and paying an awful price. There's no validity or relevance to it, of course, yet it could (and, indeed, will) give some people some kicks. Lean's error was in inflating it all to 10 times a normal size and twice a reasonable length. What could have been passably pleasurable and palpably pretty became arduous.

At least, however, Lean does not seem to be proclaiming the death of the nasty movie and the triumph of goodness, virtue, and Rodgers & Hammerstein with his noisy but negligible film. He has not gone about annointing himself as the new high priest of purity, like that simpering gremlin, Erich Segal. "Ryan's Daughter" does not constantly strive to reward an audience for its noble and non-sexual thoughts, the way "Love Story" does. It may be reactionary in spirit---the we've-had-too much-freedom-of-the-screen approach, as if there could be too much freedom anyplace-- but it doesn't call attention to itself as the embodiment and the paragon of that reaction.

The heroes of the film have to be Young and Charles Parker. Young' photography is gorgeous and invigorating (for the first four hours or so anyway). I saw a 70mm print of the film in New York, where projection was perfect, and the definition was the best I have ever seen in a movie anywhere. This won't quite be the case here in DC, where the film has just opened at the Trans-Lux, nor will it be anywhere near the case out in the suburbs, where for some strange reason, it is als first-running. Still, the neuter beauty of it will certainly impress you.

The other hero of the picture, Parker, did the make-up for John Mills, turning him into a gnarled old geezer who hobbles about the Irish village, where the story takes place, in order to advance the plot. A plot that hobbles, you might note, is in trouble already, and Lean's excessive pre-occupation with the character, who never really instigates any action until late in the picture (long after you've made a toy out of your Milk Duds box), tends to ruin the effect altogether.

Nobody in the cast has much of a chance against the tremendous weight of the thing, though, and that includes Robert Mitchum's needless "change-of-pace" role as the timid Charles Shaughnessy. The character is essentially a bore--that's even the point of it-- and the only way Lean could make him interesting was to cast against the grain of the part. So we are constantly supposed to be saying to ourselves, "Robert Mitchum can play quiet man, too," or "How ingenious, casting Mitchum in that odd role!" The tension derives not from the screenplay but from the contrast of Mitchum's image with the Shaughnessy diffidence. After ten minutes, we've discovered this ploy and from then on couldn't care less if old Shaughnessy turns into a sponge cake and de-composes.

Sarah Miles (Mrs. Bolt) is Rosy Ryan, a wistful lass who throws umbrellas into the sea and dreams of the perfect gentle man as her lover and protector. She marries Shaughnessy out of respect and soon discovers the tedium of life with him. Along limps Christopher Jones who dazzles her (and, it is safe to say, the audience) with his seductive limp and enigmatic twitches. He is a British officer assigned to the village, where, meanwhile, those perpetually troubled Irishmen are preparing a resistance. The minute Jones sets one woobly foot down, we know he and Rosy Ryan are bound for each other. Lean delights in the obviousness of this, and it is enkoyable in its way; we are happy with the comfortability of it. Maybe part of what we miss in today's movies is the way things once worked out the way we wanted them to. Of course this little match is in for its own calamities, and in a rather prepostorous finale, the officer blows himself to pieces, this last affair having presumably given his life its crowning significance. Sure.

Trevor Howard is agreeably cantankerous as the village priest, literally knocking his parishioners into line, and Leo McKern makes a heavy heavy as father Ryan . Where the film fails thouroughly is in giving us the portrait of Real People villagers that it wants to create. John Ford managed a far better evocation of Irish spirit with the half-finished sets and prolific fog-machine of his classic "The Informer". Lean and Bolt have made the villagers so ugly, so fearsome and so bigoted that we are hard put to find that earthy dignity we're obviously supposed to see. They are a sordid bunch of sons of bitches-- yet Lean and Bolt expect us to empathize with them in their fight against the British. Caught between these two conflicts--conflicts of the screenplay, not in the screenplay--we end up caring little about either side. Again, too, the mammoth, freaky proportions that Lean chose for what is essentially an intimate story--told, admittedly, against a larger political turbulence and under the awesome eye of grand old Ma Nature--obliterate all credibility, even belief in the film as romantic frim-fram, and we find ourselves not engorssed but beleaguered. Our asses seem to be growing larger beneath us, and we want to go home!

TOM SHALES

PROMISE AT DAWN

The biggest problem with reviewing comes when confronted with a sublime thing and feeling it necessary to make coherent words and verbal relationships about it. Like listening to fine music, the real experience ends when the last sound dies away. The whole experience, on the other hand, includes the ability, I suppose, to reconstruct or to re-envision the experience. For those people that think a piano mechanism is not really so different from, say, a typewriter (they both have keys, don't they,) anyway, to them, the review with all of its pat grammar and syntax will have ultimate meaning; if yes, then yes, yes. If no, then of course not.

But if I don't make a decision then what are you going to do? Wander around wondering what you think about something until somebody tells you what to think? Or can I, alone, merely and simply and literally within the frame of reference of my own head tell you what happened and let you decide to try it or not? Who answers? Who was asked?

With a razor-sharp eye for trivia and just as granite-heavy an eye for necessary concretions, "Promise at Dawn" goes beyond philosophers, psychiatrists, and other quacks of the mind to meet the others in Limbo who have achieved love of an idea which sits on the edge of any of our abilities to duplicate. Run on, run on.

This is a real story, not to be confused with biography. It is a story about two people basically: one a mother who is first a person and only accidentally a parent second: about a son who verges on the periphery all during the movie of our instilled fears of horror, for example, i-n-c-e-s-t-, or h-o-m-o-d-e- but I shouldn't say it. It is the story of a basic human contract, not democratic in the least (what is democracy with more than three people anyway?), nor a kind of social contract. but the lowest of the low, one to one; mothers and sons, in the abstract, are no analogy, D. H. Lawrence be damned. These are no fit catagories into which we can easily slide the characters and then sit back and Understand.

The young child grows. And grows. There is so much common-sense involved in the bringing-up, "You will always defend your mother" she screams, and later buys sheaths because the maid was on top when she came in. There are lessons to be learned, always, which here don't say learn me, learn me. If you don't, you don't. That's too bad. For you. I think.

An actress, she moves and moves, from Leningrad to Krakovy and then finally Paris where the boy is to be Heifetz, a general, star of the ballet, ambassador to France, but who, to her fainting delight, wins the regional ping-pong championship, The contract is to see him through, and for him to see her through to what she wants. Like Frosts' "promises to keep", ther is a dedication, not seperate from the case; the young man, finally home from the war as a hero of France, goes back to his mother and to that contract, which proves to make the most downtroddenseem unstepped-upon. An old man, years before, said when you are famous, tell the generals and statesmen that I am who I am and that I lived.

"Time passes. Listen. Time passes." Without Dylan Thomasesqueness, though, the small boy at dawn, in front of the sea, weeps for a loss, but remains kneeling, looking up.

A small boy, three rows behind me, says, to his mother, "Is he the king of France?" Probably he is. Probably he is.

PAUL JONES

"ONE OF THE YEAR'S 10 BEST!" —Stewart Klein, WNEW-TV; —William Wolf, Cue; —Joseph Gelmis, Newsday

"'THE CONFESSION' IS VASTLY MORE INTERESTING THAN 'Z'! MUCH MORE COMPLEX, MUCH MORE HUMAN! Costa-Gavras is a movie master. A harrowing film of intellectual and emotional anguish. The story of a believers ultimate betrayal by his belief, of intolerable physical torture and psychological harassment, and finally of survival. One really responds to the faces, the attitudes and gestures in a Costa-Gavras film. It is perfectly cast." —Vincent Canby, N.Y. Times

"'THE CONFESSION' IS BONE CHILLING! A REAL LIFE HORROR STORY, DONE IN THE STACCATO STYLE OF 'Z'! Yves Montand is completely convincing!" —Kathleen Carroll, N.Y. Daily News; "A FASCINATING FILM! Yves Montand — a bravura performance! Graphic and well-defined!" —Sandy Lesberg, WOR; "A POWERHOUSE OF A FILM! A devastating film! Gripping! Terrifying! It is Montand's performance! Beautiful!" —Judith Crist; "A devastating film! Gripping! Terrifying! It is Montand's performance, the film is, in a humanistic sense, more successful than Costa-Gavras' 'Z'." —Gail Rock, Women's Wear daily

"'THE CONFESSION' IS ONE OF THE BEST PICTURES OF THE YEAR! YVES MONTAND GIVES ONE OF THE BEST PERFORMANCES OF THE YEAR! The taut drama feverishly depicts the dehumanizing process, as well as a system gone mad with a thirst for scapegoats. There are magnificent, compassionate touches too numerous to cite, and the large cast works as convincingly as did actors in 'Z'. A BRILLIANT MOVIE! A MAJOR WORK!" —William Wolf, Cue Magazine

"'THE CONFESSION' IS POWERFUL AND PENETRATING! Brilliantly put to film by director Costa-Gavras. His handling is matched and fortified by the performance of Yves Montand. HAS THE FASCINATION OF HISTORIC TRUTH!" —Archer Winsten, N.Y. Post; "WELL ACTED AND WELL DIRECTED! MAKES THE WHOLE EXPERIENCE WORTHWHILE!" —David Goldman, WCBS Radio; "A SOLID, STRONG MOVIE! You're zipped along. Yves Montand gives a remarkably non-egotistic performance. THOUGHTFUL, INTELLIGENT, EXACT!" —Pauline Kael, The New Yorker

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THE RISE OF LOUIS XIV

After the movie is over, you are left with only speculation to fill it out. During the movie, between the times when the actors are on stage, you again speculate, only this process is based on inevitable content previously seen and the probable sequence of the following scenes.

With Louis XIV, the only post-speculation is why anyone made the movie. Oh, I suppose that is too harsh, but there is really little to think about, either during or after the film. I see a man apparently given over to extremes, radical sensuality and introspective philosophic sensibilities. But neither of these have any reason for being. I have read my history books; Louis does everything in the film that he does in the books: throw greasy bones on the floor, essentially ignore the pope and his own clergy, screw everything in sight and within everyone's sight, call himself "the sun king", etc., etc. He comes out both under- and over-exposed. I am left with the feeling that the movie is over too soon and that it should have been over a long time ago. Perhaps the only surprise is that somehow the movie must be true, that Louis XIV rose to magnificent power incredibly quickly, but that is all there is to the movie, his rise, based on totally fragmentary episodes which in turn are based on slow moving dialogue and heavy monotony, notwithstanding the color spectacle.

The only emotion to be derived from the film is for Louis himself; this is the total memory of a man who ruled a world power as a world power? Pity.

PAUL JONES

PRISON POEMS

Fred Leon Henderson
#018775 Cell- C-23
P. O. Box 221
Raiford, Florida 32083

THE REAL ME

My inspiration came to me
Disguised in something
I could not see

For I was blind
For such a long time
I could not see

The likeness
The truth
The being of me

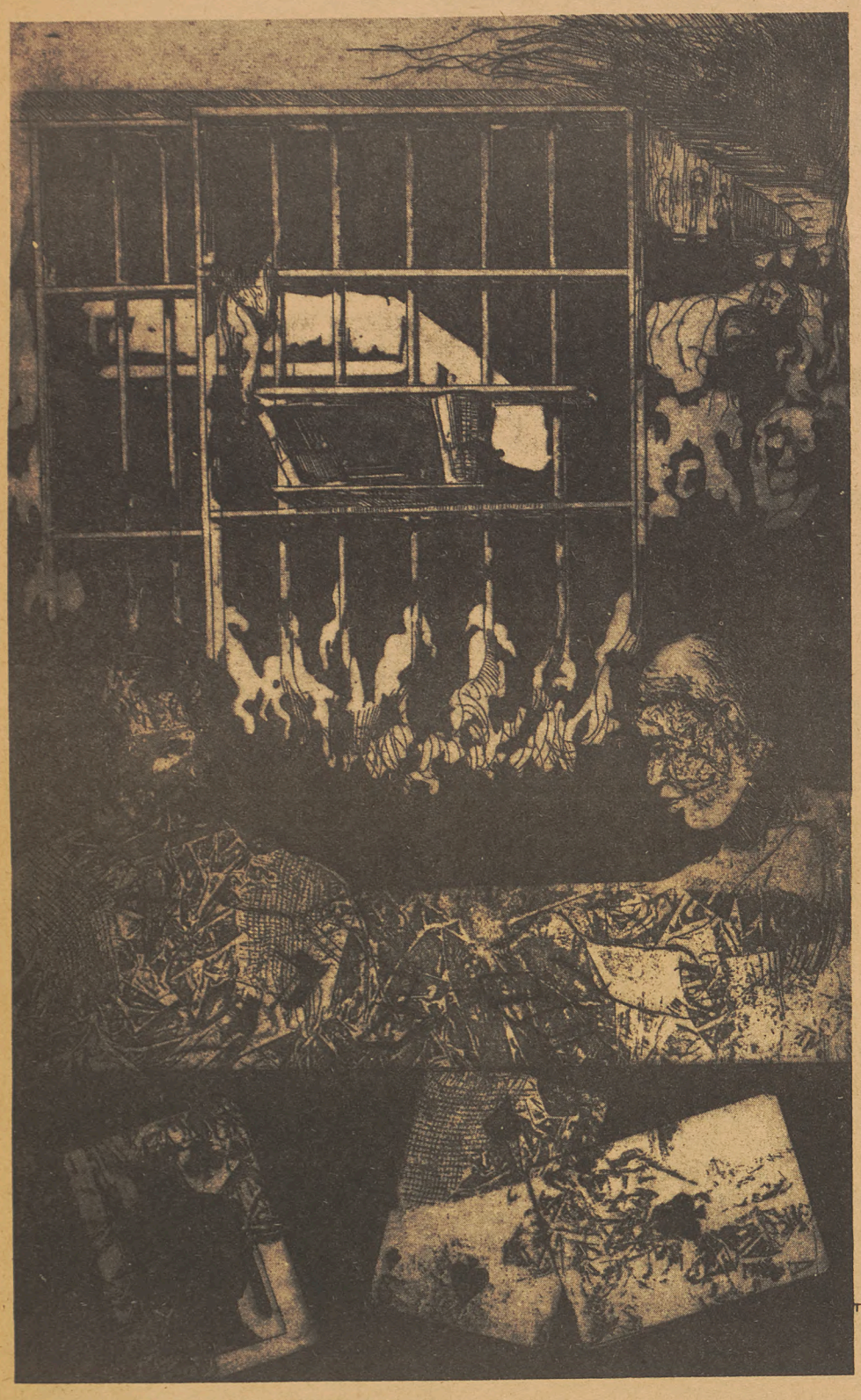
Thank you, Brother Malcolm

THE BEAUTY OF MY BLACKNESS

The beauty of my blackness...flows
Like the endless stream of life
Only to be damned and poached
by those
Who just can't be like me.

The beauty of my blackness...glows
God has not forsaken me
Endowed with more strength
Than one can see
Especially those,
Who just can't be like me.

The beauty of my blackness...holds
The purest sense of dignity and pride
That I will never attempt to cover or sell out
to the others
Who just can't be like me.



Tom Lewis

"MY PLEA, MY PLEA"

I crave to be
I strive to see
Eloquent words,
I have not

But
Burning, deep inside of me
Are
Thoughts to be brought out

I wish to know
I hope to grow
My mind is
Full of doubt

Men of words
Men of Truth
Men of Destiny
Help me

These searching
seeded
thoughts
to sprout.

-MY ANSWER TRUE-

Such emotions have we
Ones wishing, fighting, dying,
to be one day free

The most dominant fact is
We are black and originally
Beautiful
Though some think not
But these are the few who
Day by day fall, decay, and
Rot

When I come upon the small
Innocent likeness of me
Seeking instant truth,
Turn away I will not

Frail young likeness of me
Big brown eyes, all the warmth
Of this bitter earth, seeking
Truth, Love, Knowledge??
Whispers,
"Mister, mister,
Ain't I pretty?"
My joy will send hurling
My innermost thoughts

Oh, little child,
Whatever you wish to be;
Beauty is the least you will
ever have to seek

For you are more beautiful
Than all nature combined
Of a thousand, thousand years before
To the very present time

Your beauty is your eyes
Of warm, mysterious dark hue
To match the ebony tint of you.
This my child, makes
you very pretty, too.

THE BLIND, KIND AND DYING

It is so easy to believe
But not to see
The everpresent lives

So easy to see
But not to believe
The lethal blows
WHY?

It is so good to know
Which side will show
When the sham is naked in the light
Like the woman saying yes, yes, yes
But
doing so out of spite.

OH HAPPY DAYS

The sun reaches, through the broken window pane
Every day it is the same
Roaches
scurry
here and there
It seems to be a kind of game.

The night of peace is over.

Cracked paint over wood and rot
Eaten by the little hungry tots

Playing among the dirty, empty pots
Christmas year 'round,
For you, that is
As their little bodies slowly and surely rot, rot, rot and stop, stop, stop.

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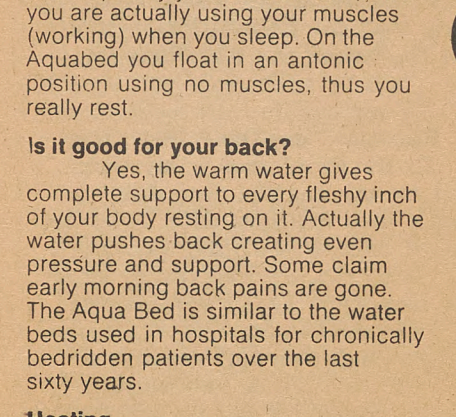

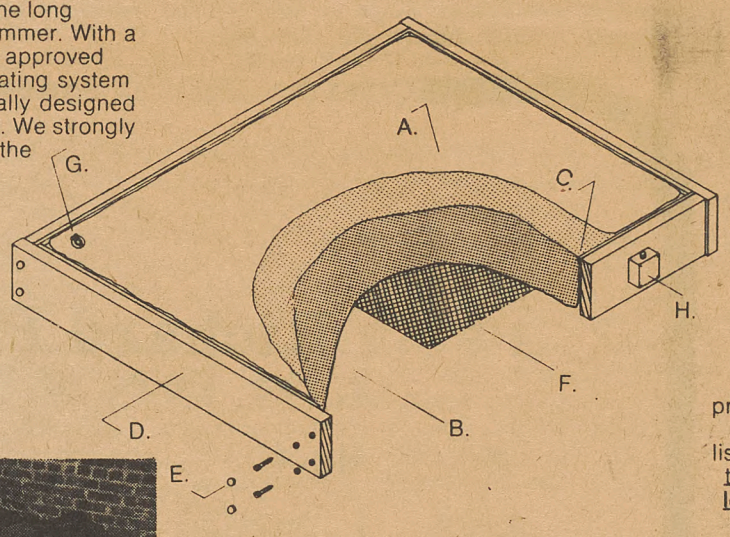

Cross Sectional View of the Aqua Bed

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C. Molding to hold safety liner in
D. Frame
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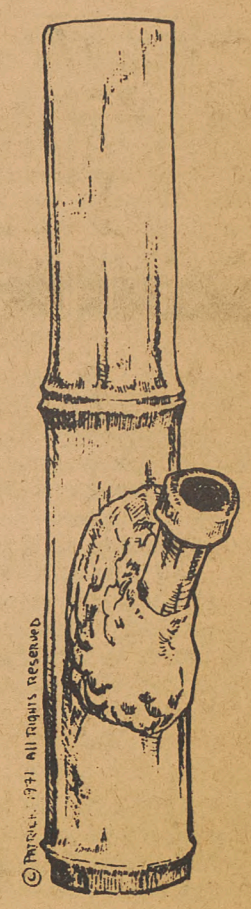

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Dory Previn's album ON MY WAY TO WHERE (Mediarts 41-1) should have been merely poetry. Musically, it offers no great findings, but lyrically it is quite interesting. Among the lyrics that stand out are "Michael, Michael", which effectively captures one essence of being gay: "Michael is a hyper superman/ But/ late at night/ He sometimes seems to hear/ his mother's voice /in dreams / calling to him / Clear and plain / But she calls him /Mary Jane / and Michale answers /Plain and clear /I am coming Mother dear...". " Esther's First Communion" reminds me of David Ackles' fantastic "Andrew", both songs dealing with incredibly strong religious letdowns and delusions; "I Ain't His Child", about finding out your father is not your sire; "Scared To Be Alone", precisely about that; and finally "Mister Whisper" which contains these lyircs, which are indicative of the directions of both the album and thesinger :" How did I get this way/I was/what was I going to say/ I was on/How did I get here/I was on my/Wasn't I here last year/I was on my way/Why have they locked me in/I was on my way to/Who is my next of kin/Christ/won't I ever come/I paid/my airplaine fare/ I was/ on my way to where/..."

Randy Burns and the Sky Dog Band (mercury SR 61329) reminds me of both Eric Anderson and Steve Noonan, both because of the voice and the material. The opening cut, "August Woman" is especially like Anderson. Burns has a high tenor voice, writes most of his own material, and is backed by a band that shows its four years of having been together. There are several outstanding cuts. First and foremost is "Seventeen Years On the River", which could make it on the charts. Burns' style is not the pushy singer, but the kind where straining for a note is a part of the music. Other good cuts include "Life's Begun", "To The Women of My Life" and "Waiting for an Old Friend". A nice album, though it take s a couple of listenings to appreciate it.

Carol Hall's If I Be Your Lady (Elektra EKS-74078) is another fine first album of original material. Carol Hall 's work is well described by Kris Kristofferson: "Her songs are beautiful and unmistakably her own, with the paradoxical unpredictability and haunting familiarity of real and creative imagination." The bass of the songs is for the most part a liquid keyboard (duties shared among four people). The constructions are reflctions of a together head: "if I be your lady, What will you be?/ Will you build me a castle/And love me truly?/ Well, castles ain't freedom things/them golden rings, they just bind me./ If I be your lady/ Can I be me?" Or "Why Be Lonely", which is simply a lonely hearts spiel set wondrously to music, or "Who Will Dance With the Blind Dancing Bear?", a ballad of freedom. Carol Hall is above all else a very talented lyricist, and she is lucky to also be such a fine performer.

As Alex Taylor told me when he was here, he was happy to be able to use his name to front as fine a band as he was working with. I hadn't heard the record then, and Alex wasn't in good voice, so I was quite surprised at just how good this album was...ALEX TAYLOR WITH FRIENDS AND NEIGHBORS (Capricorn SD 860). The friends and neighbors include his own band and most of the members of another Capricorn group, Cowboy. Two songs are from brother James, three are semi-classics , and one is a blues featuring an organ solo by Paul Hornsby. Three songs also come from Cowboy. Alex comes off well on all his songs, obviously the strongest voive among the male Taylors. The album is excellently produced by bassist Johnny Sandlin, with just enough of the right blend of acoustic and electric work. I thouroughly enjoyed the album.

Sugarloaf, since the addition of Robert Yeazel, has projected itself into a top-notch group. Their second album, SPACESHIP EARTH (Liberty LST-11010) was inspired by Buckminster Fuller, and some of the themes on the album reflect a very common return to the good earth and simple values. But the variety of the songs is indicative of a wider vision. There is a very gentle and well done classical homage to the past with "Music Box" and several jazz influenced cuts, blues based numbers like "Mother Nature's Wine" and "I Don't Need You Baby". Jerry Corbetta displays some fine work on various keyboard instruments and lead vocals. The album is very well produced, and is quite a surprise for anyone who might have heard the old Sugarloaf. To be exact, it is a very good album.

Faces, who used to be the Small Faces, are probably one of the best bands currently around. A far cry from "Ogden's Nut Gone Flake" days, their newest album LONG PLAYER (Warner Brothers 1802) is just pure Faces music- the most solid, unpretentuous rock music around. The nucleus of the old Small Faces (organist Ian McLagen, bassist Ronny Lane and drummer Kenny Jones) have been joined by slide guitarist Ron Wood and guitarist-singer Rod Stewart. Of course, Stewart is one of the superstars of the business, with certainly the most unique vocal style I've heard. Except for McCartney's "Maybe I'm Amazed" (very well done) and Big Bill Broonzy's "I Feel So Good", all the material is original. Off the album, it is apparent that Faces are one of the most audience-related performing groups, so if they ever come around, be sure to catch them.

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DANIEL MOORE (ABC Dunhill DS 50094) is a former member of Joe Cocker's Mad Dogs and Englishmen. His first solo album is heavily influenced by another member of that troop, Leon Russell. A good influence, one must admit. All the material is either by Daniel or brother Matthew Moore, and among the respected backup musicians are Chris Stainton, Chris Ethridge, Sneaky Pete, Jim Keltner and the '69 Cast of Hair. The range is from the ethereal "World War I" to the most Russel -like funkiness of tunes like "That's What I Like In My Woman", "One More River To Cross", and "Drake The Snake". Moore's voice is a little more controlled than Russell's and he makes the album flow by the construction of the songs, wherein thay all fit into the album's conceptual idea. It may be wrong to say it, but if you like Russell, you'll like Moore.

I always had strange feelings about the Rascals. Sometimes they were too slick, and "People Everywhere Got To Be Free" was a hit when the lyrics were having a peculiar impact on my reality. So, this latest album (their last for Atlantic, since they are now with Columbia) reinfroces all my mixed feelings. SEARCH AND NEARNESS (Atlantic SD 8276) has some fine songs that truly establish, or re-inforce their claim to be among the best at doing the blue-eyed soul thing-"Right On", "Thank You Baby", "Almost Home", "Ready for Love"...but some songs are out of place, like the Three-Dog-Night (marish) version of "The Letter" and a horrible bubble-gum number called "Fortunes". Felix Cavaliere handles the majority of the vocals, a job he has always pefformed better than most. Strangely enough, his songs are also the best on the album. There is also a good instrumental jazz-oriented tune, "Nama", which closes out side one.

Coming Performances

March 1-6	1. Richard Pryor 2. The Three of Us
7	Hoot
8-13	1. Pacific Gas & Electric 2. Jeremy Storch
14	Hoot
15-20	1. The Dillards 2. Mose Henry
21-22	"Best of Hoots"
23-27	1. Seals and Croft 2. Sageworth and Drums
28	Hoot

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Jimi Hendrix's last album THE CRY OF LOVE (Reprise MS 2034) is like Janis Joplin's...it fills us so much more with a sense of loss. I think it represents Jimi's best work- a reflection of his most lyrical self. Working with Mitch Mitchell and Billy Cox on most of the ten original cuts, Hendrix returned to that flowing lyricism of two-three years ago. I don't think his voice or his guitar ever sounded better. With the possible exception of the weak "Astro Man", all the cuts are first rate. "Freedom","Ezy Rider","Night Bird Flying" and "In From The Storm" are all fast-paced in the traditional Hendrix manner. However, the most painful, and at the same time, the most beautiful cut is the utterly simple,"My Friend". Both musically and its despairing imagery, the song is an opt elegy for one of rock's great people.

Don Nix's In God We Trust (Shelter 8902) is a rollicking gospel album by one of Leon Russell'spartners in rhytm. Nix is obviously influenced by Russell (who isn't),and much of the album registers that foot-stompin,gospel music that is so much the domain od Russell. Nix utilizes one of the great bluesmen in Furry Lewis (whose little rap, 'Our father who art in Washongtt on,Nixon is his name..." is a gas), on slide guitar on seve ral cuts, andfeatures a backup gospel chorus called the Mt. Zion Singers. The songs range from the traditional "Will The Circle Be Unbroken" and "I'll Fly Away".to original cuts like "Amos Burke" or the title cut. Throughout the album, the empha-sis is on up-beat gospel intention, and becuase of that, the album is a great release.

I never really like Barbra Streisand. But her new album,"Stoney End, is fine. Featuring top current songs by important composers of today (Laura Nyro,Joni Mitchell,Randy Newman,Lightfoot and Nilsson), she shows fine quality,surrounded by fine arrangements. Her voice avoids the show-tune quality that used to exasperate me. For instance her timbre is very quiet and gentle on Joni Mitchell's "I Don't Know Where I Stand" , and tough on all the Nyro numbers ("Time and Love", "Hands Off the Man" and the title cut)/ She brings ebuliance to Lightfoots "If You Could Read My Mind" and graciousness to Carol King's "No Easy Was Down". For me, an eye-opening album, and a pleasurable one. (Columbia KC 30378)

Black Widow's SACRIFICE (United Artist UAS 6786) is the first successful attempt I have heard at rock occultism. The success of the album is mostly due to the writing talents of Jim Gannon (whi handles lead guitar and vibes) and two particular instrumentalists- Zoot Taylor on the keyboards (mostly organ) and Clive Jones, who handles flute, sax and clarinet equally well. The rythm section is better than average and Jip Teever's vocals are strong and up front . The album is thematically organized- history with "In Ancient Days" and "Way to Power", and reality, constructed from the invitation "Come to the Sabbat" to the final "Sacrifice". In between occur the "Conjuration", "Seduction" and "Attack'bf the Demon". All of the cuts run around 5 minutes or more, and the power and passion of the words and the music is very strong .

FRIENDS AND LOVE-A CHUCH MANGIONE CONCERT(Mercury SRM-2-800) is an interesting two-record album of music composed by Mangione (a respected flugelhornist) and performed by 7 jazz artists (including Mangione) in collaboration with the Rochester Philharmonic Orchestra. The results are mixed, but for the most part very good. The first two sides feature four extended cuts which give several of the artists a chance to solo. On "The Feel of a Vision", the trumpet of Marvin Stamm is excellent. Stanley Watson performs a solo "Songs From the Valley of the Nightingale" for guitar (his own compositi on) with a driving fury. The album title piece feature seven movements,some instrumental,some with lyrics depicting themes of love and friendship. The general mood is optimistic, and the vocals (Don Potter and Bat McGrath) are surprisingly good. An interesting experiment well conceived well performed and well-recorded.

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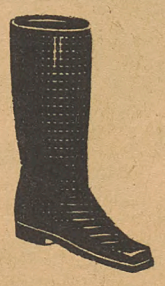

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STARTS TUESDAY MARCH 2

TUESDAY Mar. 2	Yuri Yakolev, Yulia Borisova in Dostoyevsky's **The Idiot** (1958) Russian with English titles (Color)	&	Nikolai Cherkassov in Cervantes' **Don Quixote** directed by Grigory Kozinsev (1957) Russian with English titles (Color)
WED. thru SAT. Mar. 3-6	Betty Davis, Leslie Howard in W. Somerset Maugham's **Of Human Bondage** (1934) "Probably the best performance ever recorded on the screen by a U.S. actress."—*Life Magazine*	&	Burgess Meredith, Lon Chaney Jr. in John Steinbeck's **Of Mice and Men** (1939) directed by Lewis Milestone
SUN. & MON. Mar. 7-8	Irene Papas in The Euripides Classic **Electra** (1962) directed by Michael Cacoyannis	&	Rafael Rivelles, Juan Calvo in Cervantes **Don Quixote De La Mancha** (1948) directed by Rafael Gil Spanish with English titles
TUESDAY Mar. 9	James Aubrey, Tom Chapin in William Golding's **Lord of the Flies** (1963) directed by Peter Brooks	&	Randolph Scott in James Fennimore Cooper's ***Last of the Mohicans*** (1936) Binnie Barnes, Bruce Cabot
WEDNESDAY Mar. 10	Nikolai Cherkassov in Alexei Tolstoy's **Peter the Great, Part I** (1937) directed by Vladmir Petrov	&	Nikolai Cherkassov in Alexei Tolstoy's **Peter the Great, Part II** (1938) directed by Vladmir Petrov
THURSDAY Mar. 11	James Hayter, Nigel Patrick in Charles Dickens' **The Pickwick Papers** (1953) Hermione Gingold	&	Walter Huston, Edward Arnold in Stephen Vincent Benet's classic **The Devil and Daniel Webster** (1941) Simone Simon Gene Lockhart
FRI. & SAT. Mar. 12-13	Charles Laughton in Victor Hugo's **The Hunchback of Notre Dame** (1939) Maureen O'Hara	&	George Orwell's classic **Animal Farm** (1955) Louis De Rochemont (Color)
SUN. thru TUE. Mar. 14-16	The Tyrone Guthrie Production of Sophocles' **Oedipus Rex** (1957) Featuring Stratford Ontario Shakespearian Festival Players (Color)	&	Irene Papas in the Sophoclean classic **Antigone** (1962) Screenplay adapted from the original Sophoclean Text of 441 B.C. of the Final Play in the Oedipus Trilogy
WED. & THUR. Mar. 17-18	Orson Welles, Jeanne Moreau in Kafka's **The Trial** (1963) Anthony Perkins Romy Schneider	&	Maximilian Schell in Kafka's **The Castle** (1969) directed by Rudolf Noelte (Color)
FRI. & SAT. Mar. 19-20	Leslie Howard, Merle Oberon in Alexander Korda's **The Scarlet Pimpernel** (1935) Ramond Massey	&	Jose Ferrer in Edmond Rostand's **Cyrano de Bergerac** (1950) Mala Powers
SUNDAY Mar. 21	Tommy Kelly, Walter Brennan in Mark Twain's **Adventures of Tom Sawyer** (1938) David O. Selznick's Production in Color	&	Ralph Richardson in Rudyard Kipling's **Four Feathers** (1939) C. Aubrey Smith
MON. & TUE. Mar. 22-23	Sir Laurence Olivier, Kirk Douglas in George Bernard Shaw's **Devil's Disciple** (1959) Burt Lancaster	&	Rex Harrison, Wendy Hiller in George Bernard Shaw's **Major Barbara** (1940) Robert Morley, Robert Newton
WEDNESDAY Mar. 24	James Joyce's **Ulysses** (1967) directed by Joseph Strick	&	Horst Buchholz in Thomas Mann's **The Confessions of Felix Krull** (1958) Lisa Pulver
THURSDAY Mar. 25	Michael Redgrave Margaret Rutherford in Oscar Wilde's **The Importance of Being Earnest** (1952) directed by Anthony Asquith in Color	&	Alec Guinness, Kay Walsh in Charles Dickens' **Oliver Twist** (1947) directed by David Lean Co-Starring Robert Newton Anthony Newley

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FRI. thru SUN. Mar. 26-28	**MACBETH**	Maurice Evans, Judith Anderson A George Schaefer Production in Technicolor
MON. thru WED. Mar. 29-31	**HENRY V**	Sir Laurence Olivier directed by Sir Laurence Olivier in Technicolor
THUR. thru SAT. April 1-3	**RICHARD III**	Sir Laurence Olivier, Sir John Gielgud Co-Starring Ralph Richardson Cedric Hardwick, Claire Bloom in Technicolor
SUN. & MON. April 4-5	**MACBETH**	Orson Wells, Jeanette Nolan directed by Orson Welles
TUESDAY April 6	**OTHELLO**	Sergei Bondarchuk (1955) directed by Sergei Youtkevich in Color, English Dialog First Prize for direction, Cannes Film Festival, 1956
WEDNESDAY April 7	**A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM**	Dick Powell, James Cagney A Max Reinhardt Production (1935) Co-Starring Olivia De Havilland Mickey, Rooney, Joe E. Brown
THUR. thru SAT. April 8-10	**HAMLET**	Winner of 5 Academy Awards Sir Lawrence Olivier Co-Starring Jean Simmons, Eileen Herlie

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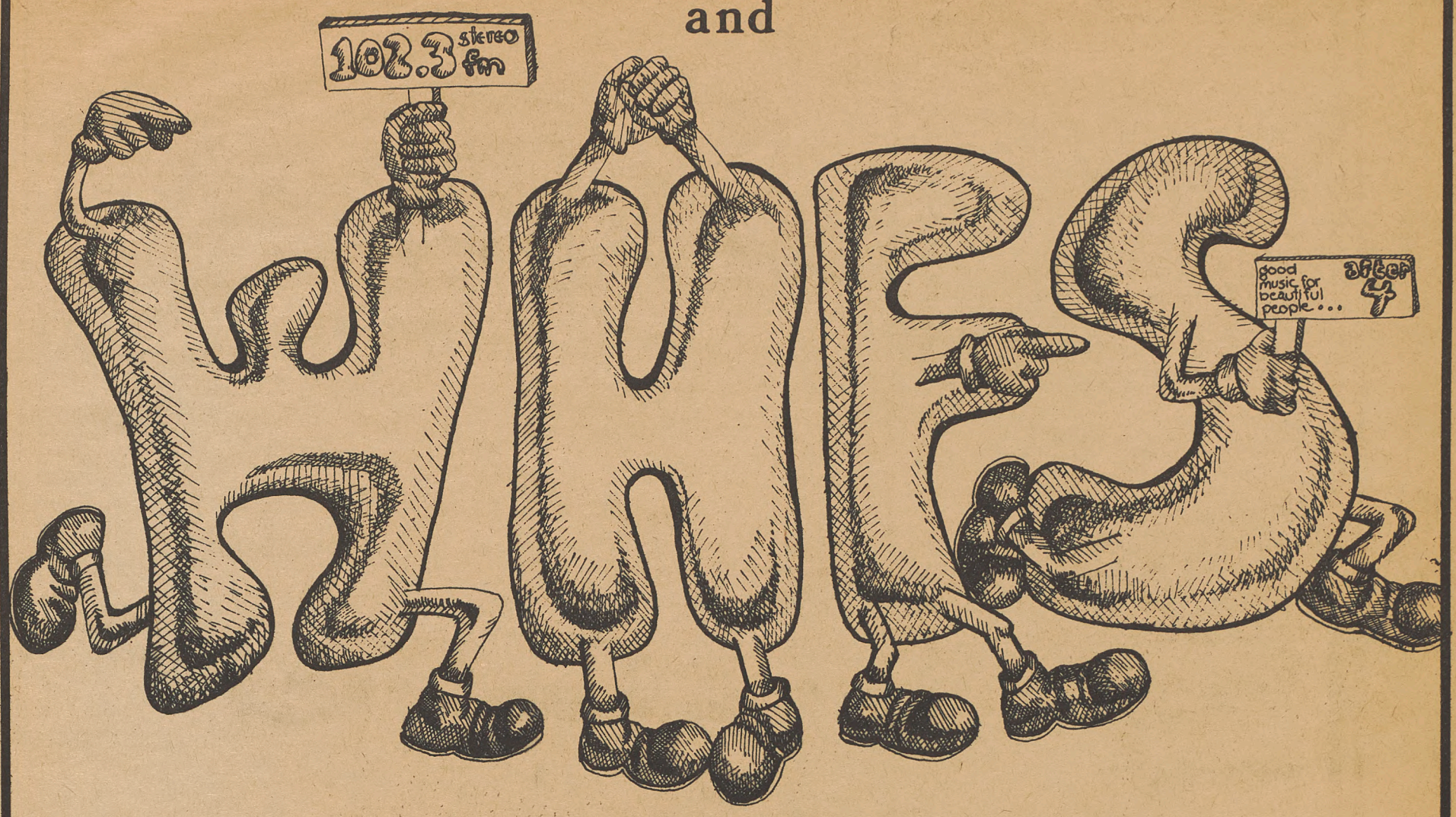

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4905 Allentown Road

WHEATON
VARIETY RECORDS
Wheaton Plaza Shopping Center

"SEE MASTERWORK stereos at the following dealers"

WASHINGTON

A & A APPLIANCES
7614 Georgia Avenue, N.W.
DISC SHOP
1815 Connecticut Avenue, N.W.
GLEN MUSIC
1204 G Street, N.W.
KENT JEWELERS
609 7th Street, N.W.
SERENADE RECORDS
1329 E Street, N.W.
SUPER MUSIC CITY
445 L'Enfant Plaza Ctr., S.W.
SUPER MUSIC CITY
1344 F Street, N.W.
THE TURNTABLE
4654 Wisconsin Avenue, N.W.

MARYLAND

ANNAPOLIS
HI FI SHOP
Parole Plaza, Seasons Four, Forest Drive
BETHESDA
RECORD TOWN
10255 Old Georgetown Road
VARIETY RECORDS
Montgomery Mall Shopping Ctr.
COLLEGE PARK
HARMONY HUT
7417 Baltimore Boulevard
DISTRICT HEIGHTS
SIDLIS TV
6421 Marlboro Pike
HILLCREST HEIGHTS
BRANCH TV & RADIO
2310 Iverson Street
HARMONY HUT
Iverson Mall Shopping Center
HYATTSVILLE
MUSIC TIME
Prince Georges Plaza
LANDOVER HILLS
MUSIC TIME
Capital Plaza Shopping Center
FORESTVILLE
RECORD FAIR
3934 Donnall Drive
LANGLEY PARK
MUSIC BOX
Langley Park Shopping Center
LAUREL
VERNON HOUSE
9624 Fort Meade Road
MARLOW HEIGHTS
MUSIC TIME
Marlow Heights Shopping Center

VIRGINIA

ALEXANDRIA
ACME ELECTRONICS
4527 Duke Street
ALCO ELECTRONICS
8516 Richmond Highway
NOVA ELECTRONICS
1522 Belle View Road
VERNON HOUSE
8750 A Richmond Highway
ANNANDALE
DISC 'N TAPE
7402 Little River Turnpike
ARLINGTON
GIANT MUSIC
2611 Columbia Pike
Henderson Hall
BAILEYS CROSSROADS
GIANT MUSIC
9416 Main Street
FAIRFAX
SHEFFIELD ELECTRONICS
10276 Main Street
FALLS CHURCH
GIANT MUSIC
109 East Broad Street
MANASSAS
HARMONY HUT
8359 Sudley Road
McLEAN
McLEAN ELECTRONICS
1364 Chain Bridge Road
TYSONS CORNER
VARIETY RECORDS
Tysons Corner Shopping Center
McLEAN ELECTRONICS
19920 Chain Bridge Rd.
SEVEN CORNERS
MUSIC TIME
Seven Corners Shopping Center
SPRINGFIELD
HOUSE OF MUSIC
7110 Springfield Shopping Center
WINCHESTER
SHENVAL MUSIC
549 W. Boscowin Street